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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE

### EUROPE'S JUNGLE

#### THE WOLF CREEPS FROM ITS LAIR

Fierce Creature Defying Man  
for Centuries

#### TRAGIC VISIT IN ITALY

By Our Natural Historian

It is with a definite but grudging respect for wolves that we hear of a great increase in the number of these animals in South and Central Italy.

We are bound to feel a great respect for a creature of such unconquerable tenacity. Most of the wolf's formidable contemporaries have been defeated; but still the wolf comes creeping up.

One of the last surviving European bison has arrived at the London Zoo, not from its native wilds, but from a private collection. Only 56 of these splendid giants are known to exist, and all these are in captivity.

#### Sanctuaries for Bears and Apes

Bears still survive in Europe, but they have to be sheltered in Italy's great natural sanctuary, some 70 square miles of mountainous country in the Abruzzi. Europe's monkeys are reduced to a few apes on the Rock of Gibraltar, and in Africa their kinsmen are being yoked to an unprecedented rôle.

The Pasteur Institute of Paris has carried out its long discussed design of establishing a colossal "farm" for chimpanzees, baboons, and several species of monkeys in the island of Los, near Konakry, in French Guinea. Here, with observation houses set in the neighbourhood of a large tract of forest and water, the manlike apes and the rest will be called upon to contribute to science, to provide knowledge as to the mental processes of our lowly cousins and also as to the origin and cure of diseases which they alone of mammals share with Man.

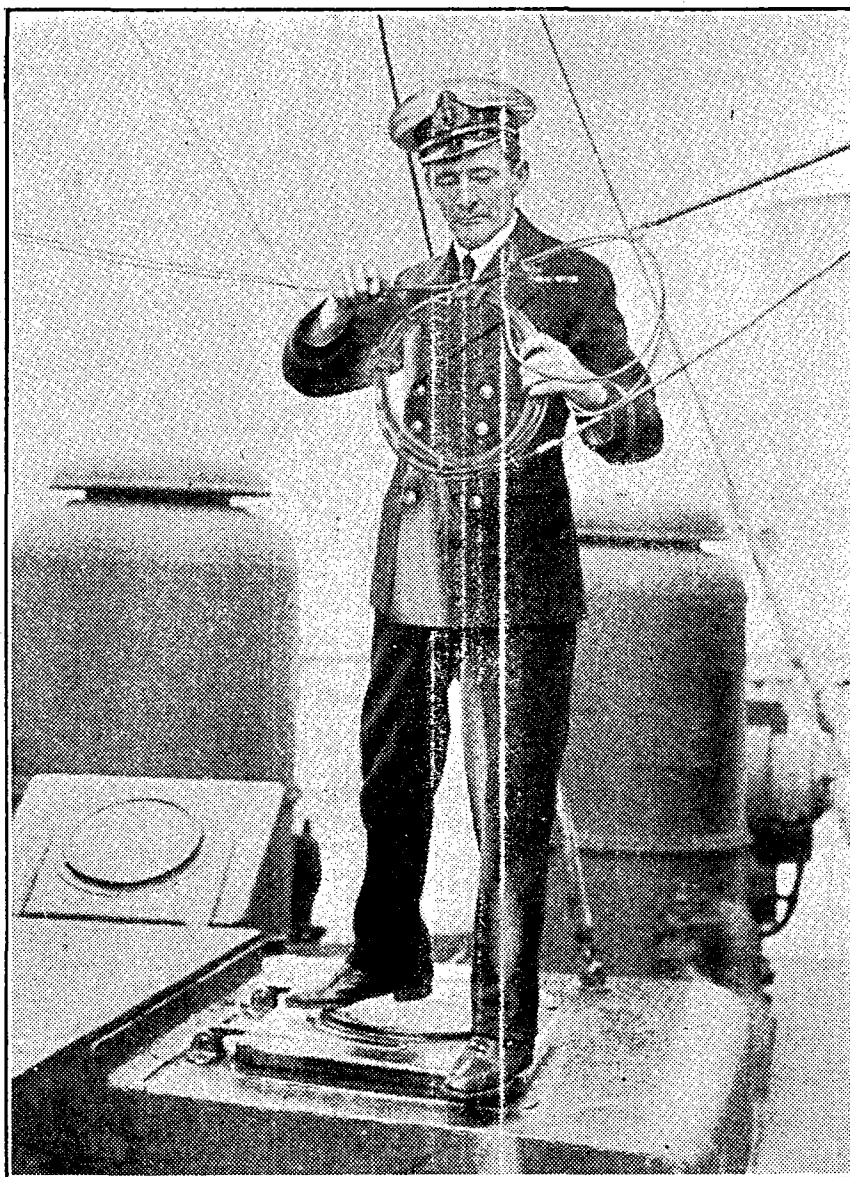
#### Wolves at the Church Door

But the wolf is free, unconquered, audacious, and cruel, as he always has been. In South and Central Italy are still seen the effects of the war, when the withdrawal of every able-bodied man from his home to the army left the wolves free to increase in total and in boldness. Packs have now reached alarming dimensions, and horses, sheep, and cattle have been attacked and slain in many parts.

But there is worse to be told, unfortunately. A solitary soldier was killed and eaten the other day near Palena; one of three women who were attacked met as terrible a fate; and at the little village of San Vito, on the lower slopes of Mount Vesuvius, an extraordinary encounter occurred.

As the worshippers left the village church at the close of evening service, they were met by a horrifying sight—a pack of wolves awaited them in the space outside the building! Apparently

### Traveller of a Million Miles



Mr. R. J. Hubbard, the chief electrician of the Cunard liner Mauretania, the only member of the ship's staff who has made every one of the vessel's 304 trips during the past seventeen years. He has travelled over a million miles in this ship, which holds many Atlantic records

the men of the party must have anticipated some such danger, for, when turning the women and children back into the church, and locking the doors upon them for safety, it was with guns that they attacked and routed the dreadful enemy.

These unconquered wolves are among the most ancient of living Europeans. Their line was there when Man was first evolving. They have seen all European nations rise, increase, diminish, and fall. They saw the birth of Rome. They saw Caesar march for Britain and return victorious. They lurked without the walls of Rome as St. Paul walked along the Appian Way. They saw the Goths and Huns ravage the land where Hannibal had conquered. They have seen all the wars and prospered on them. Only in time of peace comes their peril.

Again they are in jeopardy. Again they wildly break out and make war on their own account, as if fortified by the knowledge that two wolves at least must always be pardoned to fill the den on

the Capitoline Hill in Rome, where the Eternal City honours the posterity of the wolves that, according to legend, brought up Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome. E. A. B.

### OUR VISITORS More People Than Ever Coming to England

During the first six months of this year 20,000 more people from foreign countries visited England than during the same time last year.

The total landings were over 157,000, of whom Americans were almost a third, with nearly 46,000; and we had over 21,000 French visitors. In proportion to the size of their country, however, the Dutch seem to be the people who like England most, and they numbered nearly 15,000.

No doubt Wembley is largely responsible for the increase, and we know already that more people from the Dominions have visited us this year than ever before.

### THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT TO DO

#### A SILVER CROSS FOR A SCOUT

Indian Boy Hero at the Bottom  
of a Well

#### PRESENCE OF MIND

A story of great gallantry comes to us from India. It is all the more splendid because the hero took it just as a matter of course.

His name is Gur Prasad, and he is a member of the Sitapur School troop of Boy Scouts.

Gur was at home studying hard for the annual examination. It happened that just outside the house near the room where he was sitting was a well with an open mouth.

Suddenly Gur heard a cry and a splash. He rushed out to the well and in horror saw that a little Indian girl had fallen down. For a second or two Gur was paralysed. There was no one near but himself. What must he do?

#### Saved

He spied a coil of rope and flung an end down into the well. But the poor child in the depths was already drowning. She did not take it.

Gur then quickly tied one end of the rope to an iron rail, secured the other round his own body, and went down. Time after time he dived, and at last managed to seize the body and hoist it to the surface.

He could not climb up the rope thus burdened, but quietly Gur knotted the line round the little girl so that she swung clear of the water, and then he ascended to the top.

By this time his cries and the repeated noises in the well had attracted attention, and there were plenty of willing hands ready to haul the child out. Her life was saved.

Gur said nothing about it. He had done his good turn that day.

#### Vacant Seat at the Examination

But, most unhappily, he had hurt his right hand so badly in the descent that he was unable to write. And there was the examination coming on.

"What's this?" asked the schoolmaster. "Gur Prasad not sitting? Why?"

Then the story came out. And the end of it is that Gur Prasad has been given the Silver Cross for gallantry, by His Excellency Sir William Marris, at Lucknow. A great assembly of Scouts was there, and many other people; and now Gur Prasad's name will not easily be forgotten.

The bestowal of the Silver Cross for gallantry is a very rare honour. Probably this is the first time an Indian Scout has earned it. Boys all over the world are saying "Well done, comrade," and many older people are feeling how grand it is that this old Earth should be linked around by silver deeds of good.



## THE WONDERFUL DAYS AT GENEVA LIFTING UP THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Two Prime Ministers in Earnest  
About Peace

### A CONFERENCE ON DISARMAMENT

Those who were at Geneva will not forget that wonderful reception of the French and British Prime Ministers which it is hoped will make the gathering memorable for all time. Never has the League of Nations known such great enthusiasm as was aroused by the appearance on its tribune of M. Herriot and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

It was quite clear to all the world that these two plain men meant business; as the French Prime Minister said: "Words are no use without deeds."

#### Denmark's Lead

"Ah! my friends," exclaimed Mr. MacDonald, "the emotions that come as one stands here facing delegates from over half a hundred nations, many of them devastated, all of them impoverished owing to the war, facing delegates battling against those adverse circumstances and yet hoping against hope that by our intelligence and goodwill we shall through the League of Nations lay securely and finally the foundations of peace upon the Earth!"

Looking across the assembly Mr. MacDonald caught sight of a face which led him to say: "I see my old friend the Prime Minister of Denmark here, whose declaration regarding the Army and Navy of Denmark has led the way to sane countries the world over."

But things are not quite so simple for all Europe as for Denmark, and so Mr. MacDonald pleaded with the Assembly to have great courage.

#### Be of Good Courage

"Fellow delegates," said he, "can we not have the courage to give the world what it expects? History is full of the doom of nations which trusted in false security. The certain victim of a military age and the military organisation of society is the small nationality that trusts upon its moral claims to live. Evil will be made upright and entirely free to do its work if you fling yourselves once more into that security which has never made you secure since the world started."

And then the Prime Minister pleaded that the League might so embody itself in the life and confidence of the world that it would have a supreme authority, not because its arm is great, but because its mind is calm and its nature is just, so that nations might pursue their destinies in a feeling of perfect security, none daring to make them afraid.

#### An Old Soldier of Peace

Two famous Frenchmen sat listening to Mr. MacDonald—the French Prime Minister and another of whom Mr. MacDonald said: "I see in front of me an old master, though a new friend, M. Bourgeois. I was young and my hair was black and my face unwrinkled when M. Bourgeois proposed at an international conference that the question of arbitration be discussed. Years have gone, disputes have accumulated, wars have been fought, millions of precious lives have been sacrificed, thousands of millions of treasure have been dissipated, and my friend, grown old and grey in the cause of international peace, still sits considering this question in its very first stages. It is a disgrace to us."

It was thrilling to hear the French Prime Minister's ringing eloquence as he supported Mr. MacDonald, and declared that the French people have no hate, that the nations that live on hate are doomed, that the only chance for the world is peaceful arbitration.

It was thrilling, also, to hear the representative of India, declare that he

## TREASURE TROVE A TALE TO BE CONTINUED

A Little Bank of Money from  
the Roman Empire

### WHAT A PLOUGHMAN FOUND

Two years ago a man was ploughing a field at Clapton-in-Gordano, about a mile from Cadbury Camp, in Somerset.

He saw in the turned-up soil a number of Roman coins, picked them up, and carried them home. It happened that a young man named Godwin, who lives at Portishead, came across the coins.

Mr. Godwin is very much interested in ancient history, and he sent the pieces of money to the British Museum. There they were examined by the authorities and sent back to Mr. Godwin with notes about their period.

#### A Hole in the Ground

In the meantime, this little happening had set people talking, and presently someone remembered the story of another ploughman who had been working near that place a few years before. Suddenly he had heard a queer noise behind him, like thunder underground. He looked round and saw that the earth had fallen in at one place, dropping about five feet.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the ploughman, and he stood and stared.

After a bit, it appears, the hole was just filled up and no one thought anything more about it.

But a week or two ago someone else found a few coins in this place, and Mr. Godwin went to examine it, and he went home with a lot of coins and a lot of wet loam in his pocket.

The next day he set out again with a fork to dig, a riddle to clear the earth, and a box to put coins in. Before he had worked long he was glad to fill the riddle and never mind sifting the coins. He could not get to the end of them. Every time the fork went into the ground, coins came up by the score. When he got them home Mr. Godwin counted 3500 Roman coins.

#### The Broken Urn

This good tale, like all other good tales, is "to be continued." No one knows yet what interesting and fascinating history lies just under the surface of this part of England. It is suggested that perhaps a Roman mint was there, because some of the earth has a baked look. This much we do know, that these coins were first put into a skin bag, and the bag put into an urn of black pottery.

This nice little bank of 3500 pieces of money was carefully placed. The urn, which had no base, was set hard down on a block of wood, and this in turn rested on carefully-placed stones. A stroke of the plough had smashed the urn and dispersed the coins.

We shall hope to hear more of this story. In the meantime it is very wonderful to think that so much money was placed here for some purpose, and left lying here, when the men of the old empire laid down their tools and followed the Eagles back to Rome.

Continued from the previous column

would give his right hand in support of any effective scheme of peace.

The League passed a resolution which means that a big conference for disarmament is bound to come, and the League broke up feeling that the spirit of this meeting might well be written, as Mr. MacDonald had said, in letters of gold.

It was splendid to see the French Prime Minister, finding that Mr. MacDonald was going home in an ordinary sleeping car, go up to his carriage, pull him out, saying: "Come with me, MacDonald," and lead him into his own luxurious saloon, while Mr. MacDonald protested that "We in England are still a democratic nation, and if our Prime Ministers were to travel like this at home they would have to leave office in a month."

We hope they had a good and restful night after all they had done to give the world a good and peaceful day.

## DID JOHN SCOLUS FIND AMERICA?

A DANISH STORY THAT  
HE DID

Old Tales from the History  
Books

### EXPLORERS BEFORE COLUMBUS

We may never be able to communicate with Mars, but interest in our own planet is not yet exhausted. There is a new claim to fame for the discovery of America before Columbus saw it.

The report is that Dr. Larsen, Chief Librarian of the University of Copenhagen, has discovered the copy of a manuscript by the Swedish historian Olaus Magnus, living in the sixteenth century (from 1490 to 1558), proving that the Atlantic coast of America was reached by a Danish pilot, John Scolus, in 1472, thirty years before Columbus.

Now John Scolus is one of those fascinating will-of-the-wisps who float elusive and spectral through the history of old sea travel. The probabilities of his supposed adventures are fully discussed in one of Dr. Nansen's books.

#### Only a Name

We meet Scolus in many old pages, not flesh and blood recognisably depicted, as we have Columbus, but a name visiting certain places. He appears as Joan Scoluo of Norway, John Scolus of Denmark, or Johannes Scolus of Poland; and, floating on the depths of uncharted history, there exists a document, prepared in 1575 for Frobenius's voyage of 1576, containing the following passage:

To find out the passage out of the North Sea into the South we must sail to the 60 degree, that is, from 66 unto 68; and this passage is called the Narowe Sea of the Three Brethren, in which passage, at no time of the year, is ice wont to be found. The cause is the swift running down of sea into sea. In the north side of this passage John Scolus, a pilot of Denmerke, was in 1476.

The year 1476 it was, according to Dr. Larsen, in which Scolus reached America, near the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and called it Terra do Bacalhao, the land of the cods.

#### Doubtful Evidence

The next known step is to 1597, when the Dutch historian Wytfliet speaks of Scolus having in 1476 "sailed beyond Norway, Greenland, Frisland, penetrated the Northern Strait, and arrived at the country of Labrador." But as Wytfliet describes a similar discovery of America by Friesland fishermen in 1390, without giving any evidence to support his statements, we may dismiss him with a caution.

Finally there is the statement of a seventeenth-century Dutch writer that in 1476 "Joh. Scolus Polonus discovered, under the auspices of Christian I, King of the Danes, the Arian-strait and the country Laboratoris."

#### A Pilot to Pirates

Dr. Nansen's opinion of all the facts available up to the time of writing his book is that Scolus was really pilot to two pirate rovers who made voyages to Greenland, and that Greenland, not America, was his goal.

Greenland was in those days known as Labrador, and we see how little the map was understood from the fact that, 75 years later, a writer says of America that "these countries may be reached overland from Greenland and Lapland."

We must expect Dr. Larsen to have new evidence for us, but Columbus's fame is yet unshaken. Scolus is reported to have reached America ten years before Diaz saw the Cape of Good Hope, a discovery which first set the tide of westward voyages flowing.

## THE GREAT MEETING OF THE NATIONS

WHAT IT WAS LIKE

Seeking Peace and Goodwill  
Through the Covenant

### LEAGUE'S GREATEST SESSION

By Our Correspondent at Geneva

Bright sunshine and waving flags heralded the great day of the opening of the fifth assembly of the League of Nations, at which the new hope for the world took practical shape in the decision to prepare for a great conference on disarmament. All footsteps turned to the Salle de la Reformation, chosen as the meeting-place because it is the largest hall in Geneva.

It is not beautiful. Plain, undecorated, symbolical of the sterner aspects of religion which the reformers preached, it suits its purpose, except that it is not large enough for the vast number of people crowding to its doors.

#### People of All Nations

Admission is free and unrestricted, except by space, and the two galleries running round three sides of the building are filled to overflowing with people of all nations.

In the body of the hall are the delegates, sitting at long desks reminiscent of early schooldays, labelled with the names of the countries in alphabetical order.

Facing them is the tribune where, under a little canopy which acts as a sounding-board, the President of the Assembly sits. On each side of him are grouped the officials of the secretariat who, living at Geneva, carry out the tasks entrusted to them by the League.

#### Opening the Session

The first sitting is about to begin. There is no formal entry. Delegates take their seats, three from each country. There is a din of conversation, a constant movement until the temporary president goes to his chair and calls for order. This is the well-known M. Paul Hymans, President of the Council. He declares the session open by a forceful and eloquent speech in which he briefly reviews the work of the year and touches on the growth of the League since the first assembly only four short years ago. He appeals to the countries to strain every nerve towards reaching that ideal of peace and justice which the League has set before itself.

No business of any kind may be done before the credentials of the delegates have been examined, and the meeting is adjourned for this purpose. Then comes the voting for the office of president. The ballot-box is on the table of the tribune, and as the roll is called the chief delegate of each country answers the call, mounts the steps, and drops his voting card into the box.

#### A Dramatic Moment

This is the dramatic moment when the great meaning of the League is made clear. It is as if the usher holds in his hands a map of the world, and as he cries out the name of the countries in alphabetical order their loyal sons come from the ends of the Earth to take part in this meeting of the nations, one and all bound together to seek peace and goodwill in the solemn bond of the Covenant.

Great rejoicing greets the result of the ballot, when M. Motta's name is read out, one of the great men of Switzerland, and here in his own land he takes the place of honour.

So, peacefully and uneventfully, this greatest session of the League began. Last year, with the shock of the Japanese disaster and the menace of Italian guns at Corfu, the atmosphere was strained and tense. This year there was nothing to break the tranquillity of the meeting.



## A TYRANT'S END

### The Man Who Would be King

#### A TALE OF TURKESTAN

One would have thought that Kashgar, the westernmost outpost of the Chinese Empire, was far enough from the seat of government for a man once in authority there to do pretty well as he pleased.

So thought General Ma Titai, the late governor of the city, but he reckoned without the Governor of Sin-Kiang. For, though Kashgar is a good deal more than 2000 miles from Peking, it is not much more than 600 miles from Urumchi; and at Urumchi was Yang Tseng-Hsin, ruler of the whole of Chinese Turkestan.

But to Titai even 600 miles seemed a great distance, so he did as he pleased. He taxed and he confiscated, and he murdered and tortured and lived in great luxury. And because soldiers are expensive to keep, even if you do not pay them, he let his army down to a mere handful of men, and took the money for the salaries and equipment of the rest.

#### The Gateway of the Citadel

It was not the theft or the tyranny of Ma Titai that moved Yang Tseng-Hsin to action, but the news that Titai was intriguing for Yang's deposition and his own appointment in his place.

There are no telegraphs or telephones or even wireless between Kashgar and Urumchi, and Titai was utterly ignorant of the strength of Yang's slowly-gathered army until it was upon him.

Then very soon Titai, "King of Kashgar," was put up against the main gateway of the citadel, where countless executions had taken place at his orders, and shot.

There was fear that under Titai's tyranny a revolt might have brought in the Bolsheviks from Western or Russian Turkestan, and it was interfering, too, with Indian trade through Cashmere.

## WHERE THE MOON RULES

### A Note from the Gilbert Islands

A reader of the C.N. living in the Gilbert Islands in the central Pacific, tells how great an influence the Moon has on the lives of the people there, and how closely it is observed by everybody, so that young children know of its effect on the tides before they can read.

Tides are all-important there, for, though they only rise six or seven feet, the islands are nowhere more than ten feet higher than the high-water mark. Any abnormal rise has disastrous effects.

The people say the Moon rises in the west because she always appears there a short time after sunset, low on the horizon. They describe her coming as "falling up." Then she is said to "fall down" as she dips below the horizon. The next night she "falls up" higher, and so on till at last she crosses the whole sky.

Her journey is divided by the Gilbert Islanders into four periods.

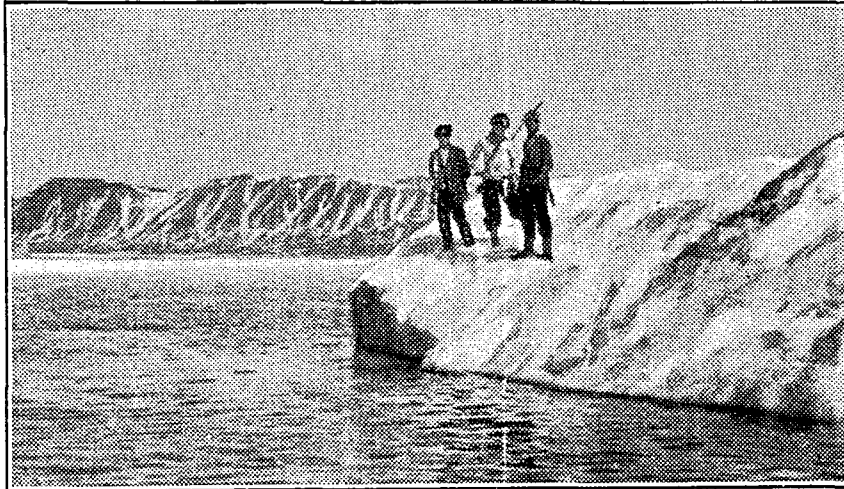
The first is seven days, when she has disappeared and is re-appearing. Then it is supposed she is preparing herself afresh for her journey across the sky.

The next period lasts until she stands at the zenith overhead, when the Sun sets at six in the evening. There is never more than five minutes' difference in the time of the Sun's setting in the Gilbert Islands.

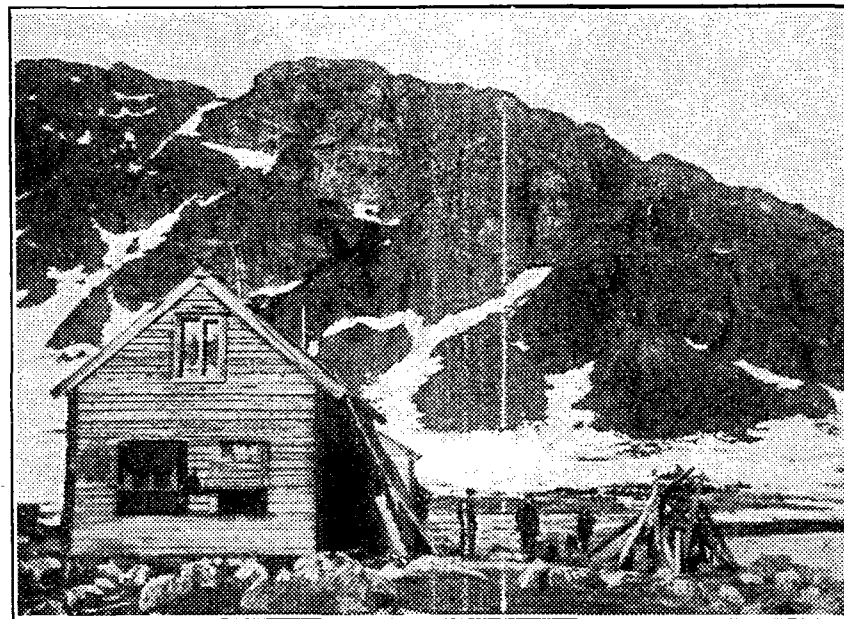
Next there is the period when the Moon comes to the full and the tides are high. And the fourth period carries her to her disappearance, when darkness again rules the night.

Curiously, the islanders do most of their journeyings on the moonless nights, because the stars by which they shape their courses are clearest then.

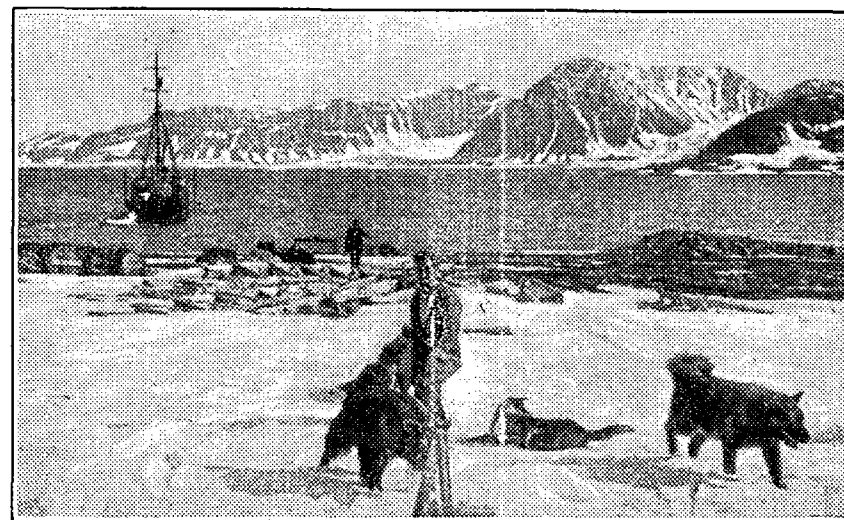
## OXFORD MEN IN SPITSBERGEN



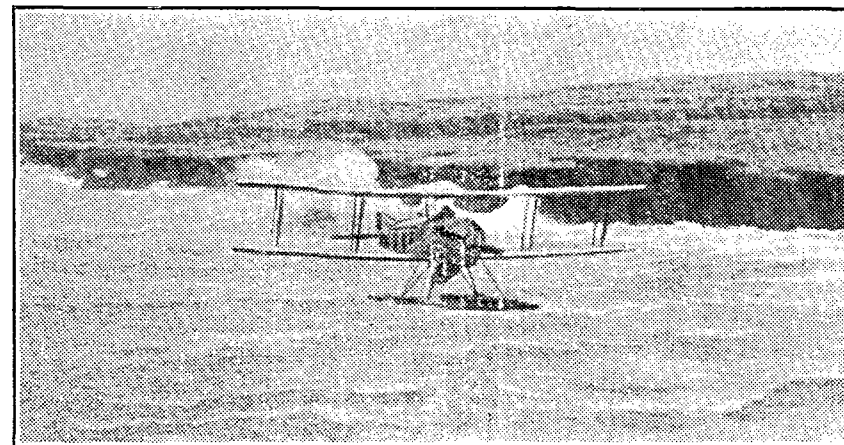
Three members of the expedition on the floating ice



Wellman's hut and the remains of André's balloon plant



The explorers and one of the expedition's vessels



The expedition's seaplane returning from a flight

The Oxford University Expedition to Spitsbergen has made many important discoveries, and one of the sledging parties crossed the island of North Eastland from east to west. Here are some photographs taken by the expedition. The second picture shows the hut used by the Wellman expedition of 1894, and part of the apparatus used by André in his balloon expedition of 1897, which were found by the explorers

## THE RAIN MEN

### Wizards and Their Ways

#### HOW THEY DO IT IN MANY LANDS

We have been told by the scientists of late that the rain-makers are of no avail, but they persist in their ways in many parts of the world.

We are very seldom troubled in these islands with lack of rain; this summer we could have wished it farther off.

But there are many lands all over the world where drought comes so often, and with such dire results, that wizards who pretend to bring the clouds down are held in the highest esteem.

These wizards rely on various kinds of magic, and all have their own secrets. In Abyssinia, in the time of the Emperor Menelik, whenever there was a drought two tribes used to fight each other until the rain came.

The Bantus of Delagoa Bay sing songs at their dried-up wells and make mothers who have twins carry them round the parched fields. In Greece, they send children in procession to all the wells and springs, under the leadership of a girl adorned with flowers, who sings at each halting-place. A similar custom obtains in Yugo-Slavia, where a little girl called the Dodola is clothed from head to foot in grass and flowers, and leads her companions through her native village, stopping at each house so that the housewife may pour a pail of water over her, and singing the good news that the rain has come, even though it is usually far away.

In Africa, the rain-sorcerers have a great reputation. Usually very cunning, most of them make their incantations last until, in the nature of things, the rains are due to break, and then they get the credit for the wondrous boon of cool water that comes. If the drought persists they blame it on the people, who, they say, have been so wicked that magic is of no avail.

The Chinese take their dragon-god round in procession if the rain will not fall, and beat him soundly when he ignores their prayers.

## POCKETFUL OF PEANUTS

### What Happened to Them in China

#### THE FARMER WHO USED HIS TALENT

The Parable of the Talents immediately comes to mind when the story of the Chinese trade in peanuts is told.

Thirty-five years ago an American missionary, Archdeacon Thompson, took to Shanghai from the United States four quarts of American peanuts, and divided them with Dr. Charles R. Mills, who was on his way to Shantung. In this district peanuts of a smaller and less useful variety than those grown in America were already cultivated, and the oil pressed from them was used for lighting the village lamps before paraffin became easily obtainable.

When Dr. Mills, who was an American Presbyterian missionary, reached his home, he divided the peanuts he had with two of his church members who were farmers, on the understanding that they should cultivate them for three years, and at the end of that time distribute the crop.

One of the farmers was so pleased with his first year's crop that he ate it all up, but the other kept to his promise, and at the end of the third year distributed the crop as widely as he could. Cultivation grew swiftly.

Today, therefore, because one farmer used the "talent" that was entrusted to him, China is able to export to all parts of the world some eighty thousand tons of peanuts a year. The introduction of the American peanut to China is commemorated by a stone tablet.



## WHAT WE HEARD AT GLASTONBURY

A GLOWING FORTNIGHT  
A Musical Festival that Will  
Not be Forgotten

MR. RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S  
NEW MUSIC

By Our Music Correspondent

An impression of perfect beauty: beauty of song, of colour, of grouping, of movement; and deeper than this the perfect beauty and purity of heart and soul of the saintly Francis of Assisi—of such elements as these were composed the Six Little Plays of St. Francis which have been given at the Glastonbury Festival this year.

Most people know the story of St. Francis, but the beauty and holiness of this good man would be realised by them as never before could they see Laurence Housman's beautiful plays founded on incidents in his life, as they have lately been performed at Glastonbury.

### Perfect Beauty

Spoken verse enhanced and varied by Rutland Boughton's beautiful music; the severity of the gowns of the friars contrasted with the delicate colours of sweet Sister Charity and the barbaric splendour of the Soldan; the genius of Laurence Housman and Rutland Boughton combined with the artistic genius of the players leave an impression of a beauty well-nigh perfect.

The scene changes to the tented field. Good Sir Thomas Erpingham, the swaggering Pistol, the historical pageantry, centre on the striking figure of Henry the Fifth. A bugle sounds in the distance, and the dramatic episode called Agincourt (based on the scene in Shakespeare's play) is presented.

### Historical Pageantry

Here is Rutland Boughton in a new vein. Inspired by those wonderful words of Shakespeare, beginning "O God of Battles, Steel my soldiers' hearts," he has wedded them to music with heart-stirring dignity and power. The procession forms, and King Harry, with his trumpeters and standard-bearers, supported by good Sir Thomas, leads his men forth to battle; and again in this tiny hall genius expressing itself in terms of colour, movement, and sound, reaches a triumphant conclusion which leaves one breathless with its intensity.

Still the same tiny hall, still the same players, still the same genius of Rutland Boughton, but this time allied with that giant of literature Thomas Hardy. Dramatist and composer have worked together to produce the tragedy of The Queen of Cornwall. Terrible is the tragic tale set out, and its terror is emphasised by the chorus of shades of Cornish men wailing out the weird music that Mr. Boughton has given them to sing.

### Two Haunting Melodies

The choruses will vie in strength and originality with the chorus of demons in The Immortal Hour. But even in this sad story there comes the moment for beautiful haunting melody, the Faery Song of The Immortal Hour has its counterpart in those lovely melodies *When I set out for Lyonesse* and *If it's ever Spring again*.

Some day, perhaps in the near future, instead of performing in a village hall, with all its inconveniences and inadequacies, the Glastonbury Players will have a theatre of their own, built with the money they have earned and planned for the presentation of music dramas. That is the end to which they are working; may the day come soon. In the meantime, we hope to see all this performed in London.

But in spite of difficulties, thanks to the splendid spirit of these idealists; this

## TALE OF A BRIDGE

### THE GREAT ANT WAR AT THE ZOO

How the Battle of September  
was Lost and Won

### HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTS

The ants at the Insect House at the Zoo have lately been showing that they can conduct warfare as hotly and as foolishly as their superiors.

There were two colonies of them encamped contentedly on two earth islands, which they had honeycombed with their tunnels, and made into agreeable little kingdoms, with queens all complete. One queen for one colony is the ant's rule, and a very hard-worked female she is with her numerous progeny, though she is extremely fat and would be well fed even if the rest of the colony were left to starve.

### Joining the Colonies

So far so good; the ants set us an example in family industry and in minding their own business, which has been commended to our notice since the days of Solomon. But, at the beginning of September, some inquiring human at the Zoo joined the two colonies, hitherto separated by water, with a bridge. The ants are no sailors; naval adventure is not for them, and they never have sought command of the sea. But they have noses.

As soon as the bridge was thrown over some ant sniffed, and said something like "Fee-fo-fum; I smell the blood of an Englishman," for, as a matter of fact, both colonies of ants were English, having originally been recruited from Weybridge. They are horse ants, the biggest species known in Britain, and there is no more difference between them than there was between those tribes of Ancient Britons who used to fight quite as fiercely.

### A Prisoner Captured

The ants began much as our British ancestors may have done. One of them scouted over the bridge, picked up a spot of honey on the other side, and was beginning to make free with it, when one of the home garrison seized him by the leg. There was a hand-to-hand fight on the drawbridge, but eventually the scout who had feasted on the honey was subdued and marched, or dragged, to one of the castle posterns, a little one leading to a tunnel. There he disappeared and, as there is no exchange of prisoners among the ants, there his story ends.

But this incident was repeated several times in the following days. Ant strove single-jawed with ant, each striving to bite off the other's head or his leg. Some were dragged into enemy strongholds, and the corpses of many were laid out in grim heaps. While they were allowed to fight, these foolish ants preferred it to work, and if allowed would have gone on till one colony was exterminated, its tunnelled town captured, its queen made a prisoner—for all the world as if they were no wiser than men or nations.

Continued from the previous column

year's festival was truly a great one. The figure which remains in the mind and holds the imagination is not, however, that of composer, or author, or player; it is that of the saintly Brother Francis to whose unsullied spirit was vouchsafed the Seraphic Vision, the vision of a band of beautiful beings seeming, as they raised their arms, to be bearing heavenwards the swelling chant of praise and worship.

Surely Mr. Bernard Shaw was right in describing this Glastonbury Festival as the most important musical event in England, for here the Arts work together in almost unique combination, producing results of rarest beauty.

## BOWS AND ARROWS AGAIN

### New Use of an Old Weapon

The Chief of Police in San Francisco is trying a daring experiment. He has organised a special squad of men to learn the bow and arrow.

The idea sounds primitive, but it has practical possibilities. After all, as this officer says, rifles and revolvers cannot fire round corners, but a bow and arrow can, and he is equipping his men with arrows that have tiny gas-bombs attached to them. They are meant to be used against criminals who have taken shelter on roofs or inside buildings, where they can hide and fire upon the agents of justice. It is hoped in this way to smoke such desperadoes out, and force them to surrender without risking the lives of policemen.

San Francisco was the resort of bad characters from all over the world in the days of the gold rush in 1849, and for years after; and even today it has a large number of undesirable inhabitants.

### ROUND A CONTINENT

#### 22 Days in an Aeroplane

Australia, where distances are big and railways comparatively young, seems an ideal country for aviation.

The Controller of Civil Aviation, Lieutenant-Colonel Brinsmead, has just shown something of what can be done there by flying round the continent in 22 days.

During his flight he covered 7750 miles but actually he was only in the air for 85 hours. He experienced no trouble of any kind, and the cost of replacements to his machine was only 22 shillings.

Australian doctors now use aeroplanes quite frequently for visiting urgent cases of illness.

### BREEZY GOES HOME

#### Story of a Foxhound

A foxhound named Breezy has just shown a remarkable love of her old home by making her way across several counties to the kennels in which she was brought up.

She had been taken by train from Cricklade in Wiltshire to Rugby, and then by motor to Shelsley Walsh in Worcestershire; but as soon as her new owners took her out for exercise she disappeared.

A search was made without result, and inquiries were then started farther afield. It was found that Breezy had made her way back to her home near Cricklade, a distance of 70 miles.

### 100 YEARS OF AUSTRALIA

#### People and Wealth of a Continent

Australia has had a remarkable rise in prosperity since the days of a hundred years ago, when her population was little more than a hundred thousand.

In 1813 her wealth was only about £1,000,000, an average of £75 a head; but the average Australian is now more than five times as rich as then. The total wealth has now grown to the imposing figure of over £2,000,000,000, or very nearly £400 a head.

Australians, too, are living longer than in the old days, and a child born in 1924 is expected to live to be over 63.

### WHAT HE WANTED

#### A Little Life-Saver

No boy is too young to be a hero. Frank Dunbobbin, aged eight, fell into Sarkey Canal, Warrington, the other day, and would have been drowned if Richard Stockton, a lad of twelve, had not jumped in and brought him safely to land.

When Richard reached home his mother asked him what had made him jump into the water, for she had not known he could swim, and he replied, "Nothing—I just wanted to save that boy's life."

## INDIA'S GREAT FLOODS

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE  
WITHOUT A ROOF

Rivers in the Fields and Famine  
in the Homes

### PESTILENCE FOLLOWS DISASTER

By Our India Correspondent

Once again the monsoon has brought calamity to India.

As the rainy season approaches, the people all over the country anxiously wait for the first report of the breaking of the monsoon, and as anxiously follow its progress day by day.

Perhaps the life of the country depends less on it nowadays than in the days before the advance of science so linked up the countries of the world, but the prosperity of India is still, to a very great extent, dependent on adequate rainfall during certain months.

### What the Rainfall Means

If the monsoon is weak, and the rainfall much below normal, then the crops are burned up and the livelihood of the agricultural section of the population, 72 per cent of the whole, is gone, while prices go up and life is harder for all. If, on the other hand, the rainfall is excessive, the results are quite as disastrous, often more so. Large areas are flooded, the rivers become raging torrents which force their way down the hills and across the plains to the sea, wrecking villages and towns and washing away the crops.

It is seldom that all over India normal conditions prevail, and most years there are reports of disasters from some part.

This year has been no exception. There have been fairly normal conditions in most places, but the great calamity of the year has taken place in South India, from which heartrending tales are coming of the fate that has overtaken cities and villages. The rains have been quite abnormal, and rivers have overflowed their banks to an unprecedented extent.

### Hundreds of Lives Lost

It is only after many days' silence that communications with a wide area have been re-established, and the news reveals the plight of the people as being very pitiable. The report quotes "50,000 houses destroyed in Malabar, 6000 in Coimbatore, 2000 in Kumbakonam, and large numbers elsewhere." There have been hundreds of lives lost, and the damage to property must be incalculable.

Valuable crops of rice, cotton, tobacco, and tea have been swept away and with them the means of existence for most of the people. It is certain that for a year at least famine conditions will prevail in that area, and the only relief will be such as can be provided by the charity of other parts of the country. At present the destitution of the people is terrible. About half a million people are without a roof over their heads.

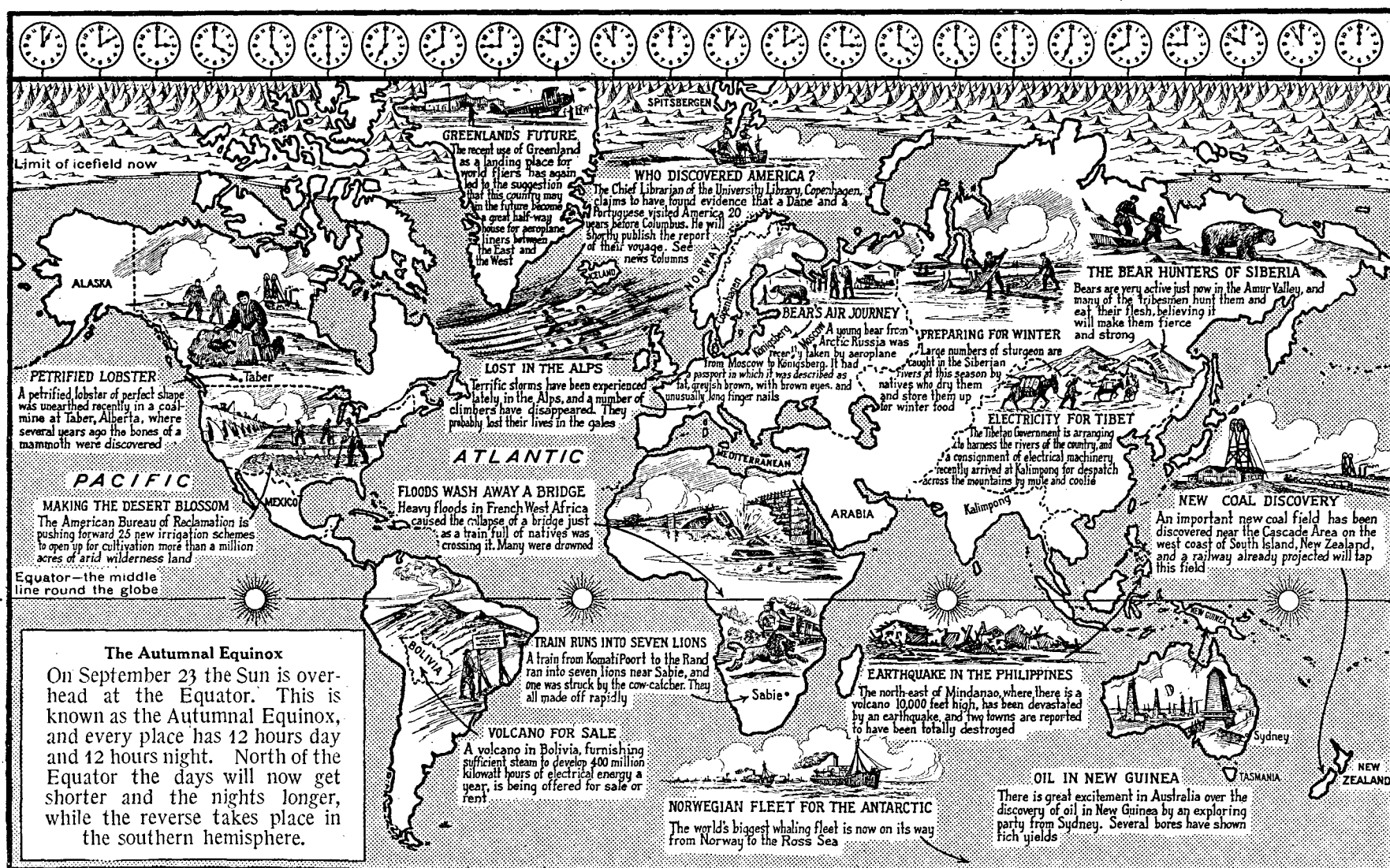
### Helping the Sufferers

And, as so often happens, disease comes rapidly in the wake of disaster. Weakened by privation and suffering, the people fall a ready prey. Cholera has broken out, and is claiming many victims. The Government is, of course, doing all that can be done, both in relieving distress and in looking after the sick, but the area is a huge one and many parts are inaccessible.

Appeals for assistance are being met with whole-hearted responses from all communities. Money and gifts in kind are pouring in to show that those who have been fortunate enough to receive the blessing of the monsoon are anxious to help those who are suffering from it. It may be their turn next year; it may have been their turn last year. In any case, they appreciate the good they have and reach out to help those in need.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE MAGIC CARPET Wonderful Journeys That All May Make TRAVEL IN THE C.N. MONTHLY TRAIN

Who will take a ride on a Magic Carpet? The journey is about to begin, and all who will may join the party.

We first of all take a peep at the interior of a Dutch home of the seventeenth century, and then the tour proper begins with nothing less than a journey round the world; and although we visit each of the five continents we touch only at places within the British Empire.

The Empire tour at an end, we set off again, this time travelling with the birds that leave our native shores each autumn for warmer climes. Our next journey is to Innsbruck in Tyrol, where we visit the wonderful memorial to the Emperor Maximilian, seeing the Emperor kneeling in prayer surrounded by a company of colossal figures in bronze.

Can you imagine life without sight or sound? Our Magic Carpet takes us into such a world, and shows to us how beautiful even such a life may be.

A journey with explorers of old among the Red Men; a peep into the realms of Nature's tiny things which no human eye can see unaided, together with some familiar things seen in an unfamiliar way; visits to Hungary in other days, and to Morocco in our day—all these and more can we see with the aid of our Magic Carpet.

It costs but a shilling and is known as My Magazine, and the October number is now on sale everywhere.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Abruzzi . . . . .	Ah-broot-se
Arimathea . . . . .	Ar-c-ma-the-ah
Beauchamp . . . . .	Be-cham
Leviathan . . . . .	Le-vi-athan
Polonius . . . . .	Po-lo-ne-us

## TURKEY FOR PROGRESS AND CIVILISATION Kemal Pasha on the Way to Go HOPEFUL OUTLOOK

Kemal Pasha has been speaking at the memorial to Turkey's Unknown Soldier on the Heights of Dumlupinar, where the final offensive against Greece was launched in the War. He and his wife (who was at school in England) were received with rousing cheers.

Mustapha Kemal has also been giving his people much good advice in speeches, and we gladly give this passage from a speech he made at Tonlu Pinar.

He reminded his hearers that the struggle of nations was not merely fought out on the field of battle, but was an affair of science and moral culture.

Nations incapable of producing works of civilisation were condemned to lose their liberty and independence. Ignorant and backward nations were bound to be blotted out; regeneration alone could lead a country back to economic and social success and prosperity in the arts and science.

Every civilised State ought to improve its economic condition before concerning itself with an army and fleet, as only by economic development was a country able to assure its independence and liberty.

He wound up with an appeal to his hearers to discard old superstitions, and appealed to the youth of Turkey to put to good use their education and instruction, which were a most precious symbol of humanity, civilisation, patriotism, and liberty of thought.

## CONQUERORS OF THE SEA Second Picture Next Week

With this week's C.N. is given away a photogravure picture of the Santa Maria, the flagship of Columbus, from the painting specially made for the C.N. by Mr. Bernard Gribble. This will be followed next week by a picture of a modern sailing ship from the beautiful painting Homeward Bound, by Thomas J. Somerscales.

## A GREAT CHESSMAN Playing 30 Games at Once

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the English chess player who has lately died at the age of 83, was the last of the old masters, and one of the few native English players who ranked with such men as Tchigorin, Zukertort, Steinitz, or Winawer in the last century.

When he was a young man he saw Paul Morphy play, and it was the wonderful game of that American genius which first inspired him with the wish to do likewise.

He was a most kindly and genial man, and nowhere was he more popular than in Russia, where he paid several visits and played many games, besides giving exhibitions of that blindfold chess of which he was the first great exponent. He used to play as many as fifteen opponents at a time, and could remember the pieces and their places on the boards, even through an adjournment of the games he had never seen!

He once played 30 games at once, 20 of them while walking down the tables on which the boards could be seen and the ten others unseen.

## TO ALL BOY SCOUTS Keep Your Country Beautiful

By the Chief Scout

I want to urge the Scouts to take upon themselves the duty of cleaning up the litter which disgraces our nation after every public holiday and at every beauty spot in the country.

Organisation which in Germany enables streets, back alleys, farms, and cottages to be kept in spick and span condition should also be possible in Great Britain.

While in England we see piles of old meat tins and scrap iron of every description littered about the waste spots and by-ways, the more frugal Belgians realise there is a market value in these things, and make money on them where we throw them away.

## BOY ON AN IVORY THRONE Little Maharajah of Travancore RULING PRINCE OF 12

A boy of twelve has just been made a ruling prince. He has the odd name of Chithira Tirumal, and he is now the Maharajah of Travancore, in India.

Readers of the C.N. remember that the old Maharajah, a wise and good man, died lately, leaving a record of excellent progressive work done for the little State of Travancore. A peculiar law controls the succession of the Maharajahs of this province, the son of the sister being the direct heir to the principedom.

The new Maharajah is the great-grand-nephew of the late ruler, and he is to be helped by the senior Rani, a well-educated and clever woman of 28. There was a fine ceremony when these two, ruler and regent, were installed in their office. The boy prince sat on the old ivory throne which has been the coronation chair of many generations of Rajahs, and he looked down the hall at the great number of people who were there to do him honour.

The velvet cap which only the sovereign of the State can wear was handed to him by the English official who represented the Governor-General of India. Then, when the ceremony was over, there was a great crash of guns, and everybody was saying, "Long live the Prince!"

May the new Maharajah live to do a good man's work in Travancore.

### SHACKLETON'S BOAT

The boat, James Caird, in which Sir Ernest Shackleton brought back his men to Elephant Island, has been presented to Dulwich College, where the explorer was educated.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 20 1924

## All Things in Order

The Chief Scout has called on the Scouts of the country to help to keep it tidy.

WE see more and more complaints that people are not tidy enough.

If we go to Wembley we see the ways littered with tickets and papers of all sorts. If we go into a London park, or for a walk on a country common, we are sure to find litter about. The London bus companies sell tons of paper every week to be thrown about our streets. Safety First and Beauty Last is their cry, when we might be both Safe and Beautiful with a little thought.

It is not only in relation to what people commonly call litter, however, that we have to learn the lesson of tidiness. A great architect has said that he is rather tired of the word Art, and that he would like to substitute for it three words: Tidiness, Order, and Cleanliness.

There is great and profound truth in that. Art means skill, the application of human skill according to definite rules. Yet how many people seem to think of art as merely decoration!

Skill worth the name can only go with strict attention to order. Everything worth having is orderly. Disorder is a social crime.

The laws of Nature are firm rules of order, and by virtue of that order we inherit the beauty of Nature. A rock, a leaf, a tree, a bird—each of these is a piece of flawless order. When we see a beautiful piece of country spoiled by litter, or by gaudy advertisements, the eye is offended because the rules of order have been broken.

When we realise that beauty lies in order, and that art is ordered skill, we learn to despise disorder. We no longer fancy that there is something to be proud of in a life that is untidy, or in work which is not neat.

The greater part of the ill-health and discomfort of our cities is due to the lack of common tidiness. Buildings have been put up carelessly, without much regard to their relation to each other. A huge and hideous block spoils the loveliest park in London.

Curiously enough, we sometimes meet people calling themselves reformers who seem proud of their own untidiness. We may be sure such people could not govern properly, because good government means keeping good order and framing good rules.

Let us, therefore, instead of merely talking about Art, learn to be Tidy, and art will assuredly come to us. As a bird's nest is tidy, so should a city be. Let us do all things in order, let us have all things clean, let everything be neat; and art, and health, and beauty, and comfort, and efficiency, will be added unto us.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Way That Pays

AN interesting correspondence in a grown-up paper seems to show that London is a very honest city.

Case after case is reported of money or jewellery being lost, and found by poor people who take a lot of trouble to trace the owner, not asking reward, and frequently refusing it.

It is a sign of growing grace but also of growing enlightenment, and it is one of the results, we hope, of education.

Animals and the ignorant are naturally dishonest and not ashamed; but a man with a mind cannot cheat another without losing self-respect, and nothing can make good that loss. The old proverb is really the homely expression of a spiritual truth. In the highest sense as well as in the lowest it does pay to be honest; but dishonesty always has to be paid for.

## Mother

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD has been saying something which will make her friends in many C.N. households.

She has no patience, she declares, with the woman who wants to leave husband and children to the care of paid labour while she herself seeks outside work because it is more "intellectual."

There is no work more important, more intelligent, or more exacting than the work of home-making, and it is a whole-time job. A successful mother has to know the market price of food, and keep abreast of current thought. She has to be not only Chancellor of the Exchequer, but playmate, doctor, judge, teacher, and God's interpreter as well.

There is no short day for mothers, and they work for love. Let us be generous with their invisible wages.

## The Artist and the Lamp-post

WE are glad to see that the artists and architects (every architect should be an artist) are raising their voices against our city lamp-posts.

We have rarely seen a lamp-post which could be described as a work of art. It was bad enough in the old days, when ugly posts were put up to support oil lamps or gas-jets, but now that we have electric light the lamp-post has become a giant horror, towering over our thoroughfares and not to be lost sight of.

The curious thing about a lamp-post is that, as its purpose is to erect a source of light, it naturally lends itself to beauty. Why do not our city authorities employ artists to give them good designs? The design would cost very little, and it costs no more to make a beautiful post than to make an ugly one. Perhaps Westminster City Council, which has the heart of beautiful London in its keeping, will lead the way.

## He Saw Johnson

A MAN has lately died who went to Oxford University in 1853.

This was in the time of Professor Routh, who was born in 1755, and had seen Doctor Johnson.

Only two generations between us and the greatest of London-lovers! It is hard to realise that we are so near the brilliance and squalor of those picturesque Augustan days.

## Tip-Cat

A DANISH librarian claims that a Dane discovered America. Pity he forgot to mention it at the time.

SOMEONE has measured a wasp's sting. He hopes to have his next one made to measure.

PUTTING forward the clock for summer-time has not given us summer weather. The seasons do not go by clock-work.

MR. JAMES LARKIN has left Dublin for England. But England does not want it.

PEOPLE soon get tired of flat life. They prefer the common round.

PEOPLE from overseas

who have not visited London for some years find much change here. The Londoners wish they could.

AT Torbay warships have driven away the soles. Making them take to their heels.

GROUSE, according to a speaker, have a better time than we do. Then what makes them grouse?

## The Goblins

IF a journalist began an article by saying "The Gobelins were makers of famous tapestries" his readers would think impatiently: "Everyone knows that!" But listen.

The other day a visitor to Windsor went into a shop, and, after he had made a few purchases, began to talk of the place. Among other questions he asked if there were any Gobelins among the tapestries at the castle? The shopkeeper turned to his wife saying, *This gentleman wants to know if the castle is haunted.*

## A Song for Wet Days

Sing a song of sunshine,  
A pocket full of mirth,  
Four-and-twenty hours in which  
To gladden all the Earth.  
When each day is opened  
Let us all begin to sing.  
Would not these be glorious lives  
To set before a king?

## Lazy John

By Our Country Girl

TURN back to me again, says  
Sleep,  
To Fairyland again!  
Who'd breakfast in old Dorsetshire  
If he might sup in Spain?

THE tawdry daylight glares on  
Earth,  
But close your eyes and be  
In dusky woods which fringe my  
shore  
Of mermaid-haunted sea.

THERE stars, not fruit, weigh  
down the boughs,  
There birds and fishes talk,  
There turrets glitter, and retreat  
How ever far you walk.

BUT if one night you reach the  
place,  
Portcullis and great doors  
Will open at your step, and all  
The wealth within be yours.

WHAT if grim nightmares throng  
my shades,  
Wolf, precipice, and snake?  
Far better fight and fly in dreams  
Than drudge and toil awake!

AND so while athletes run and row,  
While scholars read and mark,  
While bacon fries, and toast turns  
brown,  
John turns to hug the dark!

## An Age to Honour

WHAT is the chief glory of the Victorian Era, the one thing in which it outshines all others?

We know that its music and architecture were bad, but surely the nineteenth century was pre-eminently rich in writers, scientists, and Empire-builders? Yet the foundations of our Empire were laid long ago, and Shakespeare and Newton belong to other days.

Mr. Augustine Birrell says the proper answer to the question is *Law Reform*. Not till the Royal Courts of Justice were opened in 1882 was there an "honest, cheap, and speedy administration of a certain body of law." People were ruined by the delays and injustices, the quibbles and traps, of two independent and hostile bodies, the Court of Chancery and Doctors Commons. Dickens did not exaggerate their absurdities.

Law Reform may not sound exciting, because we take our legal safety for granted nowadays. But think of one thing only—the old Law of Evidence. *No interested person could be a witness.* It used to be said "If a farmer in his gig ran over a foot passenger, the two persons whom the law singles out to prohibit from becoming witnesses are the farmer and the foot passenger." Think, too, of a woman's legal position. She had no rights at all. A bad husband could take away a good wife's child, as a slave-owner could take a baby from a slave. He could claim not only her property but her earnings.

Surely the Age of Law Reform is an Age to honour.



## A MILLION MILES IN THE CLOUDS

### WHAT OUR PLANES HAVE DONE

#### The Wonderful Achievements of the Flying Men

#### TRIUMPH OF OUR GENERATION

In twelve months a million miles have been flown by the common everyday business aeroplanes which fly with goods and passengers from London and Manchester and Southampton to the continent and elsewhere. If this had been prophesied in 1900 it would have seemed as ridiculous as an old wife's tale.

In the first week of September the American airmen, having crossed the world's oceans, were poised their wings for the conquest of the remaining continent. In the first week of October the giant Zeppelin ZR3, built for the American Government by Germany, is to essay the Atlantic, which it is expected to cross in four days, perhaps in two.

#### Sixteen Years Ago.

In the first week of September sixteen years ago Wilbur Wright remained in the air with his aeroplane for twenty minutes; at the beginning of the second week his brother Orville astonished the world by flying for over an hour. Only sixteen years ago! Twenty years ago flying was the dream of a few enthusiasts. Sober scientific men indulgently predicted that it might come when men grew wings. Langley, one of the pioneers, was laughed out of court as a crank when his first machine collapsed. Even Sir Hiram Maxim, who believed in flight and made a machine, ruefully said that he would go up in it if only he had not to come down.

After the Wrights had made the beginning the achievement of flight began to take wings. It grew bolder and bolder. Less than a year went by and the world again held its breath, for Louis Blériot flew the Channel. Only fifteen years ago: it seems incredible!

#### Giant Strides

Was there ever an invention which leaped forward with such giant strides? The steam-engine? The locomotive crawls like a snail both in pace and progress by the side of the plane. If George Stephenson came back to see how his invention had got on he could drive us in one of his Puffing Billys as fast as the trains go on some lines out of London. The aeroplane, in the fleeting moments of its first immature flight, compassed a rate of twenty miles an hour. It now commands 200. When the Wrights actually did get up into the air with their machine for the first time twenty years ago they stayed there for a few minutes only, and made a flight estimated at a mile and a quarter. When Alcock crossed the Atlantic with a navigator he made the journey in 16 hours.

These things are landmarks in the brief history of flight. It is well to recall them because in a few years they will seem as remote as the Wars of the Roses.

#### Argonauts of the Air

When British machines alone flew a million miles last year, and the machines of other nations did more—for we are not quite so much in front as we ought to be—it is easier to imagine the future than to realise the trials and dangers of the very near past.

Greatest of these trials and dangers were those which the horrible necessities

## THE MAN WHO TALKED WITH SITTING BULL

MANY people knew Moreton Frewen, who died a week or two ago, and many kinds of people liked him, for he had been and done so many things since he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, thinking more of hunting than books, but a clever student none the less.

He proved that in later life by becoming one of the most conspicuous of the Cambridge economists, and one of the few who really understood the theory of bi-metallism. But it is as a sportsman and a traveller that he will be best remembered.

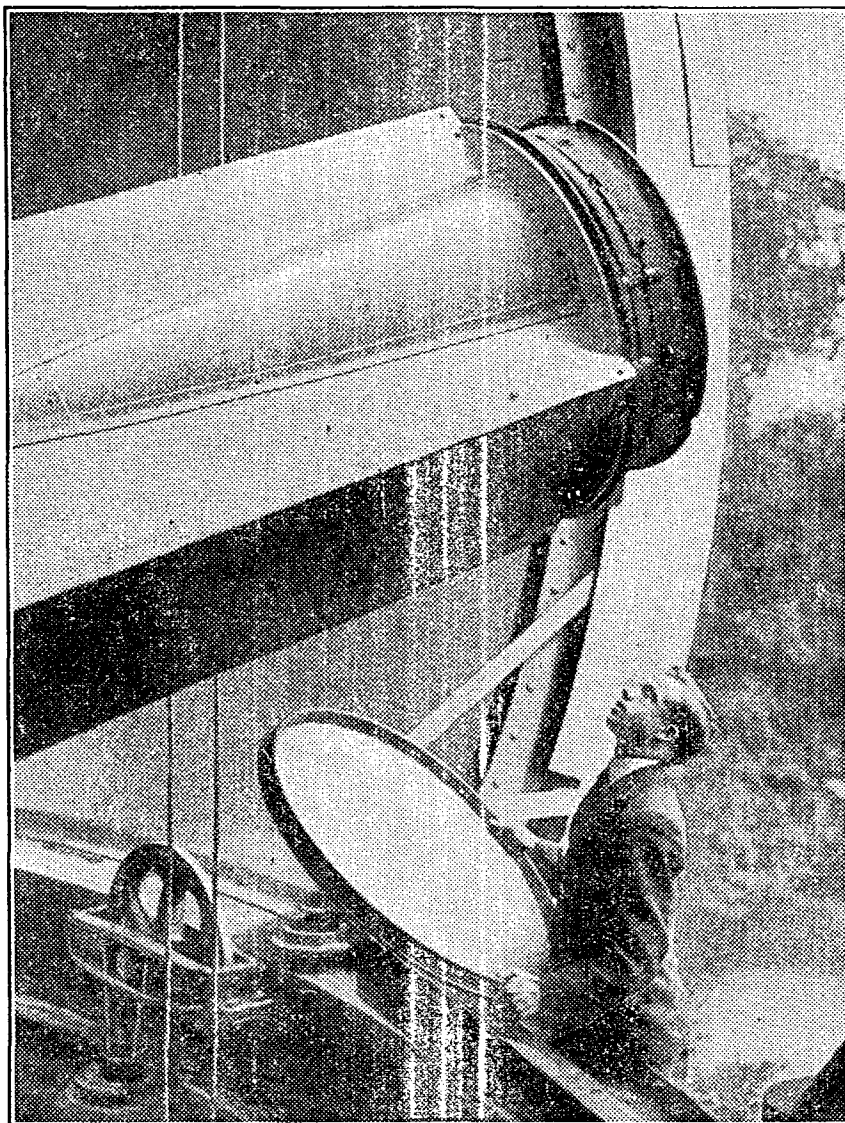
Melton Mowbray, the hunting town of the shires, remembers him as a daring rider to hounds; America remembers him as one of the first ranchers of the Western plains. Adventures came

to him naturally. He saw the last of the great buffalo herds; and not far from the place he talked with the dreaded Sioux chief Sitting Bull.

Two years before the Sioux braves, led by Sitting Bull, had wiped out a troop of United States Cavalry, leaving not one of the 300 troopers to tell the tale, but peace with the Indians was afterwards concluded and Sitting Bull returned to his people.

Moreton Frewen found him near his tent, eating a dog, and tried to get him to talk about the battle. That the Sioux chief would not do, but at last he got sulkily to his feet, led the way to the place where the cavalry had been ambushed, and pointed out the way the Indians had come.

## THE ASTRONOMER'S EYE AT GREENWICH



The big telescope at Greenwich, the biggest in England, pointing out of the dome of the observatory. The 28-inch lens is the astronomer's eye, and to guard it from injury there are two protective caps, one of which the official is holding in his hand

of the Great War thrust on brave pilots when progress in flight was plucked out of the jaws of death. But the knowledge of what machines can do now is gained in civil flying, and it is the commercial machines carrying passengers that are now the Argonauts of the Air. Since the close of the war and the inauguration of British commercial flying the machines have flown 4,000,000 miles. If a specimen week is taken from 1919 we find that the machines carried 20 passengers. In the corresponding week of the following year the numbers had reached 200, or ten times as many. This year the passengers numbered fifty times as many, 1000 in a week.

That was one of the best weeks, but very shortly all the weeks will have an average like that, for every month as well as every year shows an increase. During the past year the miles flown by the four big Air Lines, now merged in one, which ran a regular service from London, Manchester, or Southampton to the Continent, totalled a million miles,

which was a quarter of a million miles more than the year before. Add to these the joy-riders, and we have another 120,000 miles and another 40,000 passengers. The commercial machines are carrying mails and packages and goods, as well as livestock now and then. This year they have carried 500 tons, and the value of these air imports and exports is approaching the million-pound-a-year mark. About £3,500,000 is the value since they started this enterprise.

Last year 65,000 passengers went up. There will be more next year, for Imperial Airways, our national company, is lengthening the stride of the flights. Passengers have already been carried from London to Cologne; they will now be able to continue to Constantinople, another 1400 miles, or to go on from Berlin to Moscow, 1000 miles more. The times are shortening. By changing at Paris and Toulouse a passenger breakfasting in London this morning might lunch in Morocco tomorrow.

## THE PLAIN MAN WHO LEADS FRANCE

### M. HERRIOT AS HE IS

#### A Memory of the Sundays of His Boyhood

#### BOOKS AND MUSIC

By Our Paris Correspondent

The French Prime Minister, M. Herriot, has made himself a great reputation in Europe by his fine speeches at Geneva and his obvious sincerity in the cause of Peace.

On a great day last May, the day following those French elections which are likely to prove so beneficial for all Europe by helping on Peace, the name of M. Herriot was on every tongue.

He was the famous Mayor of Lyons who was expected to become the new Prime Minister, as indeed he did. Then it was, while the new elections were still the excitement of the hour, that M. Herriot rather secretly hurried away from his town to Avignon, and spent a few hours there with somebody whose name no paper divulged.

#### The Mysterious Personage

It now transpires that this mysterious personage was none other than a bookseller who usually provided M. Herriot with first editions of old books. Such was the reward the victor of the French elections granted himself after the great strain he had gone through.

M. Herriot loves books, as he also loves music, which he looks upon as the supreme expression of the exaltation of the mind. Placing his preferences in due order, politics certainly come third.

However, he has been the Mayor of Lyons for twenty years, and a member of Parliament too. This means that if he sat in the Paris Chamber from Tuesday to Friday, he had to attend to the administration of his town on the other three days of the week, and it also means that for twenty years he has usually had to spend two nights a week in the train to gain time.

#### His Aunt the Cook

But this busy life has not prevented the new Prime Minister from being always conversant with any subject, always ready to answer a question or to take part in a debate. Yet, with all this, you might frequently have seen him strolling out of doors in Lyons, for he is careful to have time to think well over the great matters with which he has to deal.

If M. Herriot has culture and good taste, he also has tact and a kind heart. A story is being told which shows this.

A short time after the death of the French writer Maurice Barrès, Herriot happened to be dining at the house of an author of straitened means, and the conversation was about Maurice Barrès.

"Shall I tell you in what circumstances I became acquainted with our poor friend?" said Herriot. "I then attended the Paris Normal School as a student, and my aunt used to take me out every Sunday. Now, do you know where I generally spent those Sundays? In the kitchen of Maurice Barrès, for my aunt was his cook."

#### The Coat of Fame

And then M. Herriot went on to say: "Our friend was then at the height of his first fame. It was the time when people photographed him again and again in the famous caped overcoat which he made the fashion. At last he got tired of that coat, and gave it to me. How exciting! So exciting that I lent it in turn to all my schoolfellows on their days off."

According to Napoleon every soldier has a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. Who can say that we do not all have our chance in life? Clearly the great thing is to take it, as Herriot did. He is not only one of those who strive to be the architect of their own fate; he is one of those who, having reached a state of well-being, turn back to help others on the way.



## KNIGHTS OF THEN AND NOW

### A LEGACY OF THE MIDDLE AGES

**Order of Good Deeds which  
Lives On Through the Centuries**

#### THE MAN WHO GAVE BREAD FOR STONES

Such a picturesque name as "The Knights of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem" is even long enough to stretch back through the centuries to the early date at which the Order was founded.

Knightly deeds seem only to belong to the Middle Ages, but in a report read before the Council of the League of Nations not many weeks ago the name of the Supreme Order of the Knights of Malta occurred many times in connection with those goodly gifts of help and succour to the distressed for which they first became noted. In the Middle Ages they were renowned for doughty deeds of valour on the field of battle.

#### A Beautiful Story

These two orders are one and the same. In the days when the Holy Places first became centres of pilgrimage a hospital freely opened its doors in Jerusalem to all pilgrims who were sick or needed care. It was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and became a monastic Order whose members were called Knights, and so its long name describes it exactly.

A beautiful story is told of the Head of the Hospital when Jerusalem was besieged by the Crusaders. Joining with those who defended the city walls by throwing stones on the attackers, he threw down loaves of bread instead of stones. He was to be punished, but when the Moslems brought the loaves to accuse him, lo! they were turned into stone!

The fame of this Order spread afar. Kings and prelates showered gifts, and hostels sprang up in many lands. When Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Sultan, they fled to islands in the Mediterranean, and later to Malta, where the English branch took refuge after Henry the Eighth had confiscated their estates, of which only the gateway of the great priory church of Clerkenwell now remains.

#### Enormous Wealth

In the beginning, at Jerusalem, these knights might claim naught for themselves save bread, water, and raiment.

In Malta, at the height of their renown, their wealth was enormous. Wonderful fortifications against Turkish attack, gorgeous churches, chapels, and hostels, a great library founded in 1650, testify to their strength and riches. The eight-pointed cross worn on their breasts we know as the Maltese cross, though it was instituted long before, at Jerusalem.

Their power began to grow less, perhaps with too much luxury, and when Napoleon attacked the island the grand master surrendered, and, carrying the precious relics, retired to Trieste.

The last great expedition of the Maltese galleys, once so famous, was to carry supplies to sufferers from the earthquake in Sicily, an expedition worthy of their noblest traditions.

Branches still remain here and there, and it is from the Italian branch that we hear of good deeds today, the generous help given to the suffering refugees in Greece, and to our own branch belongs the St. John's Ambulance.

#### NOTTINGHAM'S NEW PARK

Wollaton Hall, a magnificent example of Elizabethan architecture, and its deer park of over 700 acres, have been bought from Lord Middleton by Nottingham City Council for £220,000.

## AN X-RAY CAMERA

### Inventor's New Achievement

#### A MASTERPIECE OF INGENUITY

There has arrived in London a little box hardly bigger than a camera which is the latest device in the X-Ray world, making the taking of an X-Ray photograph as simple as the taking of a snapshot with an ordinary camera.

It is a new achievement of Dr. Coolidge, the famous inventor of the X-Ray tube which led the way to seeing inside solid castings of brass and steel. The glass bulb or tube in which X-Rays are generated is usually about six inches in diameter, more than half the size of a football, and its length, perhaps, fifteen inches. The new tube is no bigger than a pigeon's egg, and not only it, but the whole of the apparatus which generates the electric current for it, fits into a box which the dentist or doctor can hold in his hand.

The X-Ray camera has a long piece of flexible wire which fits on to any ordinary electric lamp socket, and all that is wanted is the photographic plate or film in its light-tight envelope on which the X-Ray picture is taken.

This tiny tube is a masterpiece of ingenuity; its vacuum is so high that all but a one-thousand-millionth part of the air inside it has been exhausted. It is made of a special lead glass, except in one small spot called the window, so that the dangerous rays cannot escape from it and harm the operator; and in spite of the fact that it is excited by an electric current of a hundred thousand volts, it is made so shock-proof that the little "camera" containing it can be touched and held without the slightest danger.

It seems to be the last word in the wonderful land of X-Rays.

## FORBIDDEN CITY UP TO DATE

### How They Fixed the Telephone

The C.N. has already noted the establishment of the telephone in Lhasa, capital of Tibet, the Forbidden City, sacred home of the Grand Lama.

Mr. King, an engineer in the Indian Telegraphic Service, now gives an account of how, at the request of the Tibetan Government, he fitted up these modern conveniences for them.

The nearest spot with which the telegraph could be connected was 144 miles away, yet he had the whole line set up in five weeks. He had only two English engineers and four English assistants with him, who brought with them the necessary brackets, insulators, and wire. The posts were supplied and erected by Tibetans, who carried them on their shoulders for distances up to 60 or 70 miles, all with great enthusiasm.

The connecting-up at Lhasa itself was observed as a public holiday.

As for the telephone, it was first installed between the great temples and the palace of the Grand Lama. But private subscribers tumbled over each other to get "put on the 'phone'"—and used it mainly for interminable gossip, to the great exasperation of the commercial users. One has heard complaints of that kind nearer home.

#### LAST WORDS

Somebody has made this list of Last Words which we think may be helpful.

I don't think it's loaded. I'll just look down the barrel and see.

Look at this wire hanging down. I'll throw it over to one side.

I wonder if this rope will hold me? I've never driven a car in traffic before.

But they say it's perfectly simple. I think these must be the headache tablets, though there isn't a label on the box.

Look at this car. I am sure we can race it.

Watch me run across in front of this car.

## SPAIN'S REBEL Leader of the Rifs in Morocco

### A REMARKABLE MAN

Abd-el-Krim, whose name means Servant of God, the leader of the Rif rebellion against Spanish rule in Morocco, is an exceedingly remarkable man.

For the last three of the twelve years this wretched war has continued he has been in undisputed control of not only the fighting but also the government of the tribesmen. Their Council of Elders has been dissolved, and autocracy rules where it never ruled before.

Since, with a handful of mountaineers, he defeated a fully-equipped Spanish army of 15,000 men, the Rifians—400,000 of them—have paid taxes and obeyed edicts without a murmur.

His remarkable equipment of rifles and artillery is not all purchased from taxation, however. Gun-running is practised on his behalf by people of various European nationalities, their reward being the promise of mining concessions in a territory rich in mineral deposits. As the Spanish, on their side, have made assignments of the same precious rights, eventual disappointment for somebody is inevitable.

Abd-el-Krim is thick-set and fair-skinned, with "intelligent eyes and an imperturbable temperament," filled with a fiery determination to drive the foreigner from his land.

## THE SACRED EEL

### Where the Children Feed It

From a Professor's Chair

Of true eels, cousins to our common eel, about fifty different kinds have been described; and that is not counting congers, and what are called morays, nor snake eels and glass eels.

The reason why there are so many is that their shape is well suited for wriggling in the mud, or among stones, or in and out of passages in the coral reefs.

They like to touch things with their whole body. There are some eels as small as earthworms and there are some like sea snakes, ten feet long.

It is not surprising that these huge eels should be held sacred, especially in remote parts of the world like the Malay Archipelago. In some places they are fed every day by children who bring them rice and sweet potatoes and sing them a song. It is thought that the eels hear the song, for they come crowding to the side of the pond to be fed; but it is not the song that serves as a signal; it is simply the sight of the children. The song is in part a prayer that the eels may send good health and plenty of water for the rice fields. Because the eel is so slippery itself, it is supposed to have a magical stone in its keeping, and if a man can get hold of that there is no knot in the world from which he cannot escape.

## HOW TO STOP A SKID Bus Drivers at School

Most of us, riding in a motor-bus on a greasy road, have wondered how the driver has managed to save a nasty bump on the kerb when the back wheels have done their terrifying skid.

This, it appears, is the result of special training. Learners have to drive a bus round an asphalted playground on a section of which oil has been liberally spilt. There is a baulk of timber representing the kerb, and at the same time insuring against disaster.

The way a bump is saved is by first putting on the brake as the back wheels skid to the left and then, suddenly, at the right moment, taking off the brake, letting in the clutch, and turning the front wheels left. The back wheels docilely follow as if by a miracle, and the bus is on the straight again.

Some of us know drivers of private cars who would profit by a visit to the bus driver's school.

## NEW TOWERS IN THE TOWER

### To be Opened After Many Generations

#### STONES THAT TELL A TALE

It is proposed to open some new parts of the Tower of London.

Until now we have only been able to enter three or four out of the twenty keeps that overlook the wards of the Tower, which is one of the greatest fortresses ever erected, and has won the magic only possible to ancient buildings.

The huge central keep, called the White Tower, the oldest part of the fortress, with its many rooms, its armouries, and its lovely chapel of St. John, we are all familiar with—or should be. And we all know the Wakefield Tower where the Crown Jewels are stored.

#### Where the Crown was Nearly Lost

Soon we shall be able to go into the three smaller keeps that overlook the Outer Ward to the east, facing the Tower Bridge approach from Aldgate. They are the Martin Tower, at the north-east corner, the Salt Tower, at the south-east corner, and the Broad Arrow Tower, which lies midway, near the Constable Tower.

These keeps have been kept private to the Tower authorities for many generations, and, of course, their interiors have been altered, restored, and many times whitewashed and painted. The Martin Keep housed the Crown Jewels in former days. From its shelter the crown itself was all but carried away about 250 years ago.

Like the other towers, it has many traditions of prisoners who were destined to spend their lives within its massive and terrible walls. A good deal of writing on the stones of the interior, scratched by famous prisoners, has been found by the men who are preparing the keeps for visits by the public, and, as these provide human documents of the most interesting order, we shall study them to our heart's content.

#### Changed Ideals

But let us not forget that the actual stones of the Tower of London tell a tale no "writing on the wall," no legends, no ghosts can equal. It is part of the tale of Old England, and in reading it we learn of changed ideals, of a lost beauty of walls and arches, and also, thank God, of a lost hatred for one's fellow men—for the tale of the Tower is largely a tale of hate.

Now the hate has passed out of its walls, and, let us hope, out of the hearts of men. The sun shines now on the white stones of Tower Hill, the old Beefeaters are friendly folk, and the slow barges drift by on the tide which has lapped the foundations for almost a thousand years. There are few happier places in London in which to spend a spare afternoon.

## A NEW MODEL OF THE SKIES

### Sun, Moon, and Stars

A remarkable model of the heavens has been made for the great museum of Munich by the famous firm of Carl Zeiss of Jena.

It is an electrical orrery, a spacious dome with a white inner surface representing the heavens, on which are projected images of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, made to move exactly as the celestial bodies do relatively to the Earth. The lights can be extinguished, when an electric engine sets in motion the Milky Way, which appears with just the right degree of subdued radiance which we see in the sky.

The preparation of this orrery has taken several years.



## THE OLD TREASURES OF THE ISLAND

TIME AND ITS MARK  
When Things Must Either be  
Patched Up or Go

### GLASTONBURY AND BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL

By Our Art Correspondent

There comes a time in every house when the old and beloved things must either be patched up or go. We all know the sudden horror in the thought of losing that chair or picture or curtain handled by fingers that are now dust.

This same saving hour occurs in countries as in homes. Time strikes the bell and says "Beware!" The bell is ringing hard just now, because some of the oldest, most beloved things in England must either be patched up or go.

#### Two Beautiful Places

The war, bringing such infinite misery in its train, has brought nothing more sad than the impoverishment of those who in happier days were able to devote money generously to the care of our beautiful places. Many of these are now in peril, and two are calling for aid at once. One of them is the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. Another is Glastonbury Abbey.

It is almost incredible that we should need to be warned about the Glastonbury Abbey remains, but we are glad to see that care is to be taken of them at last. This Abbey is the oldest Christian foundation in England. Joseph of Arimathea, the old legend says, established a church here, and before the Benedictine monks built their Abbey in the seventh century, with its magnificent scheme of sacred and domestic buildings, there was a rude erection of wattle and mud there. In the tenth century St. Dunstan altered the Abbey. In 1184 it was partly rebuilt after a fire.

#### Bought for the Nation

At the dissolution of the monasteries the Abbey was despoiled and defaced; and each century saw it falling more and more into ruin. In 1907, the late Bishop of Bath and Wells succeeded in making England listen to him about Glastonbury, a truly heroic task, and the result was that the old Abbey, ruins and all, was purchased for the nation by public subscription.

Excavations began and what was left of the ruins was laid bare. For several years the good work went on, but in 1921 it ceased, and weeds have been growing again over the excavated walls.

Then there is the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, built centuries later than Glastonbury, about 1450, by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. This beautiful building must either be patched up or go. The comparatively small sum of £2500 would save it.

#### A Treasure of Architecture

The groined roof of this chapel is one of the treasures of our sacred architecture and if not restored it must soon fall in. Then will go something that is more than a church, a house of many precious memories. Some of the most fascinating personalities in English history cling to the tombs in the Beauchamp chapel. Knights in armour and ladies of a forgotten dignity give a hauntingly human aspect to it. One can never forget how much life once thrived in the persons thus set in effigy.

But most of all one stares at the figure of the chapel's founder, Richard Beauchamp, of whom it has been said that "he lies in enduring brass above his marble tomb; and he seems to live. His long, lean, sardonic face is upturned to the groined roof which has become a great part of his fame."

It is more than a pity that we should be in danger of losing the Beauchamp Chapel; it will be a sin against the generations that will follow us if it is allowed to go.

## SHIP OF THE DESERT

### THE CAMEL CARAVANS

To be Seen Once More in the  
Sahara

#### A PICTURE OF THE PAST

The camel caravans are to move on their way across the Sahara again.

At one time it was thought motor transport would take their place, but many travellers who may never be able to see the Sahara again are thrilled to think that the ships of the desert will once more be making their way from Tripoli to the regions of the Upper Nile, from Algiers to Timbuctoo.

The habit of travelling in numbers in a caravan, for safety's sake, is one of the oldest customs in the world. Today, in the comparatively unchanging East, the ancient traditions of caravan journeying are upheld. For days beforehand there is a stir in the town by the Mediterranean Sea. A leader is chosen whose experience and judgment fit him for the post. When all the camels are gathered, and the long train winds out of sight, a sigh goes up from the watchers; the town settles down to its ordinary affairs. Months may pass before the camel bells are heard again.

#### Twenty-Five Miles a Day

The caravans take the ancient routes, marked by the existence of wells and of the green oases set amid the desert greyness. Before the travellers set out, the road is arranged, and the time of the journey is divided up into regular periods of travel and rest. The caravan goes at a necessarily quiet pace. About twenty-five miles a day is a fair speed for the ships of the desert.

In years of uneasy history the caravan travellers knew what it was to be attacked by desert tribes; often the Sahara alone kept the secret of deadly traffic. Today the journeys are made more peaceably. The caravan's greatest enemy is the sirocco, a wind laden with fine red sand which overwhelms the cavalcade. Then the camels kneel to face the danger and human beings hide in the shelter of the camel's body, covering themselves until the torment is past.

## THE LINE THAT LED TO LINCOLN

### America Looks Back

Why should not family honour go backward as well as forward?

Many generations have borne titles because their ancestors won them. Often they have ill-deserved the distinction which by name they have inherited. America is reversing the custom. She is giving honour to the forefathers of those who won it.

On Abraham Lincoln's birthday, February 12, a monument was dedicated in Joliet, Illinois, over the graves of the great President's father and step-mother, which hitherto had remained unnoticed. It bears this inscription:

LINCOLN

Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln  
1778-1851 1788-1869

Father and Step-mother  
of our Martyred President  
Their humble but worthy home  
gave the world  
Abraham Lincoln

As the people of the United States get farther away from Lincoln they see his greatness more clearly and feel that there is an appropriateness in honouring all who are of his line. It is in the blood of mankind from ages long ago to recognise the family as a natural group sharing in some degree the distinction of any of its members.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### Where is Hallamshire?

This is the name given to a district round Sheffield which has no exact limits.

#### Was Marie Antoinette a Hapsburg?

Yes; she was the fourth daughter of Maria Theresa and the Emperor Francis the First of Austria.

#### What is a Quatrain?

A poetic stanza consisting of four lines. The word is derived from the Latin quatuor, meaning four.

#### When were Gloves First Worn in England?

They do not appear to have been worn in England before the eleventh century, when they were imported from Germany.

#### How High Up Does a Cyclone Reach?

Not very far up. Even when the whirl is 2000 miles across, as sometimes happens, it rarely reaches a height of more than four or five miles.

#### What is Gelatine?

A product of complicated chemical composition obtained from the softer parts of the hides and skins of oxen, calves, and sheep, and extracted by various processes.

#### How Much Solid Matter Does the Mississippi Carry Into the Sea Every Year?

Recent estimates indicate that it carries 340,500,000 tons a year in suspension, and 136,000,000 tons in solution.

#### How High Does the Juniper Tree Grow?

It is usually a shrub a few feet high, but occasionally in very favourable conditions becomes a small tree, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with a girth of five feet.

#### What is "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings"?

This was the title of the Christmas number of All the Year Round for 1863, written by Charles Dickens, and is an account of Mrs. Lirriper, lodging-house keeper, of 81, Norfolk Street, Strand, her trouble with her domestics, and so on.

#### What is a Jamboree?

A great gathering of Scouts from many districts. The name was used as far back as 1872 for a noisy frolic, and it is also a term used in card-playing. As a Scout word it is not original, but an adaptation. The derivation of it is uncertain.

#### Where Does the Dew Come From?

Towards evening the heat received by the earth during the day is radiated into space, and the ground and bodies near it become chilled. The air in contact with these also becomes chilled and its moisture is deposited as small drops. This is dew.

#### Is it True That Men Have Descended from Monkeys?

This is a misrepresentation of what scientists have suggested. The theory of evolution is that man and the monkeys have developed along different lines from early ancestors they probably had in common.

#### What is the Shortest Time in Which the Atlantic Has Been Crossed by a Liner?

The record has long been held by the Mauretania, which in 1910 crossed between New York and Queenstown in 4 days, 10 hours, 41 minutes. Recently the Mauretania beat the westward record by crossing from Cherbourg to New York in 5 days, 3 hours, 20 minutes, beating the Leviathan's previous record by four hours, and still more recently it beat the eastward record by crossing from New York to Cherbourg in 5 days, 1 hour, 49 minutes.

#### When Did Twelve Pennies Become Known as a Shilling?

Originally the penny was a silver coin 240 of which weighed a pound, in imitation of the Roman denarius. This is why the 240th part of a pound Troy is called a pennyweight. The Anglo-Saxon "scylling" was of the value of fivepence, but when in the sixteenth century shillings came to be coined they were reckoned as the twentieth part of a pound sterling, which was equal to twelve pence.

#### What is the Meaning of the Picture "Ophelia" by Sir John Millais?

This picture represents Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, in Shakespeare's play of Hamlet. Distracted by the slaying of her father by Hamlet, whom she loved, her mind gave way, and, climbing up a willow-tree to hang on it a garland of flowers, she fell into the water. For a time her clothes bore her up and she sang old tunes. This is what the painting shows. It was not long, however, before she was drowned.

## VENUS HIDES BEHIND THE MOON

STRANGE CONTRASTS  
OF THE HEAVENS

Planet's Store of Air and Water

### CLOUDY AND CLOUDLESS WORLDS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Early next Thursday morning, September 25, Venus, now so resplendent before sunrise, will be occulted by the crescent Moon.

The disappearance takes place before Venus and the Moon have risen; but the reappearance of Venus from behind the dark part of the Moon will take place at 38 minutes past 2 o'clock, Greenwich time.

In the Midlands it will occur a minute later, in Scotland from 2 to 4 minutes later. Then Venus may be seen reappearing, first as a tiny speck of light near the position shown in the



Venus reappearing from behind the Moon

map, the exact point of reappearance varying a little according to the latitude of the observer. In a minute or two she will increase to her full radiance, and the spectacle until sunrise will be very fine as the Moon gradually draws away from Venus.

It is interesting to note that whereas the Moon is just now only about 245,000 miles away, Venus is about 80 million miles from us; were she as near as the Moon, Venus would appear as a magnificent half moon, intensely bright and nearly four times the width of our satellite, Venus being 7700 miles in diameter, compared with the Moon's 2163 miles.

How vastly different are the worlds above us one from another! Though few of the myriads existing come within reach of our vision, even with the most powerful telescopic aid, of the few we see, though the same laws operate, no two are alike.

The Moon, for instance, is an arid volcanic waste apparently waterless, at least on the surface, practically airless and lifeless, except possibly for faint and somewhat doubtful traces of both air and life in deep craters and valleys. Possibly, in cavernous depths far below our satellite's surface are water, warmth, and air; weird forms of life may exist, as in similar circumstances on Earth.

#### A Torrid World

How different is Venus, richly endowed with both air and water; her dense atmosphere so heavily laden with clouds that expert observers doubt if we often see the solid surface of Venus herself. Here we have a torrid world in which the solar heat is stored up, and, if we accept the evidence of the late Professor Pickering, a world with most remarkable seasons and arrangements of day and night, owing to the tilt of her axis being almost level with her orbit.

Mars, on the other hand, is blessed with almost cloudless skies and a clear, rarefied atmosphere, which must make the study of astronomy a much easier matter than on Earth. Yet we know that water is scarce there, and there appears to be a distinct intelligent effort to stem the growth of his vast, tropical, desert regions.

On Wednesday, September 24, Mars will appear stationary, after travelling to his farthest point to the right; thereafter he will begin to move away to the left and follow his proper direct course round the Sun.

G. F. M.  
**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus and Mercury in the east. In the evening Mars and Uranus are south-east, and Jupiter south-west.



# THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of  
a School by the Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges  
the C. N. Storyteller

## What Has Happened Before

Russell Arnold, a schoolmaster, inherits Salthorpe School from a relative. While he and his sister Bess are on their way to take possession they are caught by the tide, but are rescued by Jack Seagrave, a boy employed by Farmer Soper, whose land adjoins Salthorpe.

To raise money for the school, Mr. Arnold is advised by Mr. Jarvis, the assistant master, to sell 200 acres of land to Soper, but he makes an enemy of the farmer.

Jack Seagrave suggests that the school should farm the land, and Mr. Arnold arranges a mortgage. He makes Jack a pupil at Salthorpe, so Jarvis proposes to Soper that the boy should be got rid of by Soper's brother, the owner of a trawler.

## CHAPTER 10

### The Plot

JARVIS fixed his small eyes on Soper.

"It's not merely a good notion," he said. "It's the only notion. You must get Simon to take this boy right away and land him in Holland. Once over there he will have to stay, for he will have no money to pay his passage back to England."

"You're mighty scared of this kid," said Soper with a touch of contempt in his voice. "After all, I don't see that he counts for such a lot."

"Then you're a bigger idiot than I took you for," retorted Jarvis. "The boy has got more brains than any lad of his age that I ever ran into. He has educated himself on the quiet, he's got an excellent memory, and I shouldn't wonder if he knew at least as much about farming as you do." He paused. "No, it's no use you getting angry, for I'm telling you nothing more than plain truth. And in any case the whole trouble came through your foolishness. You might have had more sense than to let that lot of a boy of yours go hammering young Seagrave right in front of the window when Arnold was here."

Soper scowled angrily, but did not interrupt.

Jarvis went on.

"With young Jack's help, this fellow Arnold will certainly make the land pay, and then where are we? I shall have to carry on as assistant master on a beggarly two hundred a year, and you will have lost about half your income, to say nothing of the share of the sea marsh that you were to have. So you just bear in mind that the very first thing you've got to do is to see your brother and fix up the job with him."

"Simon will want to be paid for this," grumbled Soper.

"Then pay him," retorted Jarvis. "You started the trouble, so it's only fair that you should pay."

Soper frowned again.

"And if I do get Simon to agree, how are we going to get the brat aboard, I'd like to know? As you say yourself, he's no fool, and I can't see how we are going to tempt him aboard the Cormorant."

"You can leave that to me," said Jarvis curtly. "You make the arrangements with your brother, and I'll do the rest."

"You seem mighty sure," sneered Soper.

"Of course I'm sure," retorted Jarvis. "The boy is going to look after these beasts that Arnold will buy. He will be constantly down on the marsh. The Cormorant will lie off and send a dinghy ashore with two men who will lie up behind the sea wall, and wait their chance."

Soper nodded.

"That sounds all right, but you've got to remember kidnapping is a pretty serious offence, and if it got out we'd both find ourselves locked up before we'd time to turn round."

"Bah, you make me tired," exclaimed Jarvis. "Who's to hear or see? Those marshes are the

loneliest spot on the coast. There isn't anyone crosses them once in a week. And surely two stout men can handle a brat of fourteen."

He rose as he spoke.

"I am depending on you to fix things up with Simon," he said, "and as soon as ever you have done so you are to let me know."

Soper nodded.

"All right," he said sulkily.

"There's one thing more," said Jarvis. "We've got to work things so that Arnold won't suspect us. I've kept on the right side of him so far, but, of course, if anything happens you're the first who'll be suspected. So you've got to patch matters up with Arnold."

"I'll not do it," growled Soper. "I hate that long, finicky fellow with his pretty clothes, and his drawing way of speaking."

"I hate him myself," said Jarvis, "but there's no way out of it. For the present we've got to be friendly. The best thing you can do is to write him a letter, apologising for your son, and offering him a good price for the land."

"I ain't going to pay any more than I offered first off," snapped Soper.

"Of course you are not. Can't you understand that now he won't sell?" replied Jarvis sharply. "You get to work and write that letter—and keep a copy of it."

## CHAPTER 11

### The Charity Brat

BESS found her brother in the shabby study, very busy.

"You mustn't interrupt me, Bess," he said. "I am writing to all the parents to ask if they object to their sons doing a certain amount of work in the open."

"That's a good idea," replied Bess. "I just came in to tell you that the luggage has come and I have unpacked. And am I to give Jack his things, please?"

"Of course you can; then tell him to change at once, and after that he can go right in with the other boys."

Bess sped off and found Jack round at the back, helping Endacott to wash up crockery. He followed her obediently into the room which was called the Wardrobe, and there were his things all laid out.

"A blue serge suit, Jack, some shorts, and a jersey; and here are your shirts and socks, boots, and the other things. You had better wear the shorts for the present, so go to your dormitory and put them on. Then my brother says you can go down and join the other boys."

Jack gazed at the things with a sort of awe. He had never owned a new suit in his life, for Soper had made him wear Alfred's dirty cast-off garments.

"All this for me?" he said in a voice that was not quite steady.

"Of course it is all for you. It isn't much," said practical Bess. "But when you want more you shall have them. Oh, and you are in B dormitory—that's the one on this floor—and your bed is the one next the door on the left."

Jack found his way to the dormitory, which at this time of day was empty. Then he stripped off his ancient rags, and changed. There was one looking-glass in the big room, and Jack went to it, tilted it, and looked at himself. He shook his head solemnly.

"I'd never have believed it," he remarked, and marched out.

Bess met him at the foot of the stairs. Her eyes widened.

"You, Jack!" she exclaimed. "I'd never have believed it."

"That's just what I said," grinned Jack. "I didn't know clothes make such a difference."

"You look half as big again," declared Bess. "Jack, I'm proud of you."

Jack went very red.

"I—I hope you always will be," he stammered.

"Of course I shall," said Bess.

"Now go out and find the other boys. They are playing cricket." Jack went out. He tried to put on a bold face, but inwardly he was horribly nervous.

When he reached the cricket ground the first person he saw was Mr. Jarvis, who was sitting in a camp chair looking on. He turned and, as his eyes fell on Jack, Jack saw him give a slight start. Then the look of surprise passed. His eyes narrowed, and Jack could almost feel the man's hatred like a wave sweeping outward.

But Jarvis was much too clever to show his feelings plainly. He began in a light, chaffing strain.

"Hullo, Seagrave, I understand from Mr. Arnold that you have come to join us in our studies and our games. Boys, I think you already know Seagrave. He has visited the school on many occasions in the humble capacity of milk boy. Perhaps you will hardly recognise him in this changed garb, but I can assure you he is the same. I hope you will all treat him nicely."

The boys, of whom seven or eight were gathered in a group, stared at Jack, and Jack felt his cheeks going crimson. Then Jenner, who was among them, gave a sort of snort.

"Nice thing to have a charity brat foisted on us like this!" he remarked audibly. "Come on, Pringle."

He stalked away, followed by his fat satellite. The other boys hesitated. Some looked indifferent, others hostile. Suddenly one of them stepped forward. He was a tall, slight youngster of about Jack's age, with a clear, dark skin, wide eyes and extraordinarily well-cut features.

"Very glad to see you, Seagrave," he said in a rather high-pitched voice. "I heard about your getting Mr. Arnold out of the quicks the other day. Jolly good business."

Jack could have hugged him. His whole soul was filled with gratitude. But he managed to pull himself together.

"It was just luck," he said with a smile. "I had been out fishing, and heard them shouting. You really must not give me any credit for that."

"It wasn't luck that you found your way to the beach in that fog," said the other. "Strikes me you'll be a jolly useful chap. Come and stroll round. My name is Gerald Darcy."

He slipped his arm through Jack's and started along the side of the field.

Jack heard one boy mutter, "Well, I'm jiggered," and he was conscious that Jarvis was staring after him with venomous eyes. He did not care, for this was the proudest moment that he had known in his life.

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## CHAPTER 12

### Ask Endacott

JACK kept silence until they were out of earshot of the others. Then he pulled up short.

"Darcy," he said, "it's only fair to tell you that what Jenner said is quite true. I'm nothing but a charity boy."

Darcy looked at him. "My good chap," he drawled, "what does that matter?"

"That's what Mr. Arnold said," answered Jack.

Darcy nodded. "Of course. Arnold's a sahib. He comes from Highclere, you know. I'm going there when I leave this. I was thinking of leaving this term, but now that Arnold has taken charge I believe I'll stay till Christmas. This farming stunt will be a great rag."

"You're keen on it?" questioned Jack.

"Keen as mustard," he chuckled. "More than Jarvis is."

"Yes, Jarvis is out to make trouble," agreed Jack. "I can't quite see why."

"He's a poisonous person," said Darcy. "My notion is that, when old Fearon died, Jarvis meant to collar the school and the whole outfit. He and that swab Soper had the whole thing planned out. It looks to me as if it was you who had spoked their wheel."

"What—by suggesting that Mr. Arnold should do his own farming?"

"That's it. But I don't quite see why he wants to farm."

"Because he has no money," Jack replied. "Mr. Fearon left him the place and the land, but there was no cash. He has had to raise money on mortgage so as to stock the farm."

Darcy stared at Jack in puzzled fashion. "I say, Seagrave, forgive my asking, but how the mischief do you know about mortgages and things like that? And how on earth do you manage to talk as you do? Anyone might think you'd been at a good school since you were a kid!"

Jack flushed, but this time with pleasure.

"Endacott has always given me books—old school books. I went to night school for a bit and learned to read, and I've spent all my spare time reading."

"It's no end creditable both to you and Endacott," said Darcy with decision. "And now to go back. Why isn't there any cash? Old Fearon had plenty of money. Where's it all gone?"

"I can't tell you anything about that," said Jack. "I wonder if Endacott knows."

"Good egg! We'll ask him," said Darcy. "Come on."

They found Endacott in his pantry. He was in his shirtsleeves and wearing an old green baize apron. Darcy wasted no time in putting his question.

"Money?" repeated the old chap. "Aye, Mr. Fearon always had a plenty."

"Then where is it?" demanded Darcy. "Didn't he make a will?"

"He made a will right enough," replied Endacott. "I know that, because I witnessed it."

"But there was no will," said Jack. "Miss Bess told me that, herself. The property came to Mr. Arnold because he was the only relative."

Endacott shook his head. "I don't know nothing about that. But I do know as there was a will. It was made a matter of two years ago. Of course I don't know what was in it. The old master didn't tell me that."

Darcy looked at Jack. "Some monkey business here, my lad. That will's got to be found."

Jack looked doubtful. "If Jarvis has got hold of it the chances are that he has destroyed it," he said.

Darcy whistled softly. "Of course he has," he remarked, and just then a harsh voice broke in.

"What are you doing here, boys? Don't you know the back premises are out of bounds?"

Jarvis was standing just behind them.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was He?

### The Scourge

A YEAR or two before the Roman legions were recalled from Britain by the Emperor Honorius to defend Italy against barbarian invaders, a boy was born somewhere near the Danube who was to become such a terrible enemy of the Empire that he was given the name of the Scourge of God, a name by which he continues to be remembered today.

The son of the leader of wild hordes, he succeeded jointly with his brother to the leadership, after the death of his father, when he was about 24, and together the brothers started on a conquering quest, carrying victory wherever they went.

Then the Scourge procured the assassination of his brother and became sole leader of mighty hordes of barbarians reaching from the Rhine to China. His headquarters were in Hungary, and from there he swooped down on all the countries lying between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, devastating them and defeating the Emperor Theodosius in three terrible battles.

The Emperor was driven into Asia, and was only saved by shutting himself up inside the strong walls of Constantinople. Later he made a disgraceful peace with the barbarian chief and ceded to him a large slice of his territory.

The Scourge now invaded Gaul, but after a great struggle he was defeated by the Goths and Romans in one of the decisive battles of the world, and he had to retreat into Hungary. The next year he invaded Italy, devastating cities and driving the terror-stricken people into the mountains and marshes. The Pope, however, managed to secure a truce, and Rome was spared.

His hardy troops began to succumb to the luxurious climate and surroundings in Italy, disease broke out, and once more the barbarian chief made a treaty and retired to Hungary, where he died in the year 453, one report being that he was assassinated. Almost immediately his great empire, won merely by force of arms, went to pieces.

He was undoubtedly a great and brilliant commander, but without the power or ability to organise and consolidate what he had won. A powerfully built man of low stature, with Mongolian features, his appearance was fierce and haughty, and it was said that no one ever subdued so many countries in so short a time.

Living in a wooden palace, he was surrounded by barbaric splendour, and though he served his guests in gold and silver vessels, he himself ate plain food from a wooden trencher. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# Now Whisper Autumn's Lips in Summer's Ears



## DI MERRYMAN

A VERY seedy tramp who knocked at the side door of a house did not receive a hearty welcome. "You abuse us tramps," he said as he turned away, "but there is at least one thing to be said to our credit."

"Indeed!" replied the master of the house. "What is that?" "You never hear of us taking part in labour disputes."

□ □ □

### What Is It?

IT'S seen in stone, and dwells in wood;  
It shuns the bad, but loves the good;  
It's often used when John is hurt;  
It shuns not gold, though it does dirt;  
It's seen in you, but not in me;  
And now its name you'll quickly see.

Answer next week

□ □ □

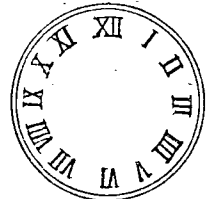
WHICH has the busier life, tea or coffee?

Tea, because it is compelled to draw while coffee is allowed to settle down.

□ □ □

### The Broken Dial

ONE day while a messenger boy was carrying the dial of a clock he dropped it, and it broke into four pieces. The boy picked up the pieces and took them back to the clockmaker, who noticed that by a curious chance



the numerals on each of the sections totalled 20. Can you show on this dial where it was broken?

Solution next week

□ □ □

### Is Your Name Rule?

THIS is an old name formerly spelt Reule and Riolo, and is derived from La Riolo, near Bordeaux, where no doubt the ancestors of the Rules once lived.

□ □ □

WHEN is a tree as comfortable as a bed? When it is down.

□ □ □

### The English Language

"I'm afraid I shall never understand your language," sighed a Frenchman who was in London trying to learn English.

"Why not?" asked his English friend. "You are doing very well."

"Well, what am I to make of this?" replied the Frenchman, showing his friend a paragraph in a newspaper which read:

"If Mr. Brown, who sits for this constituency, consents to stand again at the next election, he will probably have a walk-over."

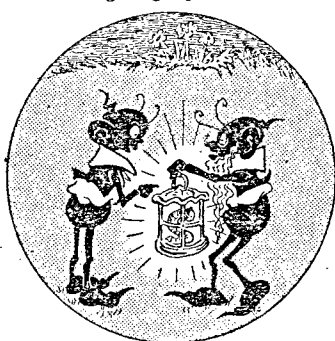
### Crowded Quarters

MR. BLACK: "Will you join me in a cup of tea?"

Mr. White: "Well, you get in first, and then I'll see if there is any room left."

□ □ □

### Lighting-Up Time



WHEN Snorum met his Uncle After dark, upon the road Cried he, "I saw your lantern In the distance as it glowed. Do you use oil or candles?" But his uncle answered, "No, I use a garden glow-worm When I want to make a glow!"

□ □ □

### The Strong, Silent Man

THE stolid old gentleman climbed out of the train and shut the door without speaking. "He's the limit," said the sociable traveller. "I've been talking to that old chap ever since we left London and he's never once opened his mouth. Never said a word—I might as well have talked to an oyster."

"Well, what could you expect?" asked the placid observer at the other end of the carriage. "Didn't you notice that he was in a reserved seat?"

□ □ □

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

IF in me you engage you may need all your power,  
Though I seldom continue above half an hour.  
I'm long or I'm short—nay, I'm what length you please;  
For the most part on land, though I've been on the seas.  
From Adam and Eve my existence I claim,  
Yet to man and to beast I'm applied much the same.  
My form metamorphose, and then, I daresay,  
You would feel more at ease, could you drive me away.  
After all, none can say but I'm good in my place,  
For I've saved many thousands from shame and disgrace.

Answer next week

□ □ □

How deep is the sea?  
A stone's throw.

□ □ □

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Eye-lash

A Puzzle in Rhyme. A key

## Jacko Fetches the Milk

ONE afternoon Mrs. Jacko asked Jacko to run out and get some milk for the baby's supper.

Jacko was off like a shot. He always enjoyed running errands for his mother because it gave him a chance to hang round the shops and poke his nose into all sorts of things that didn't concern him.

And when he got down to the dairy he made a regular nuisance of himself. He poked his nose into a big churn of milk and nearly fell into it head foremost; and then he nearly sat down backwards in a big bowl of cream!

The dairyman was furious. He said he wouldn't serve Jacko with the milk, and ordered him out of the shop.

Jacko was in a fix—he didn't dare go home without the milk. But, luckily for him, things weren't as bad as they seemed. He suddenly remembered there was a farm about a mile away, where the dairy got its milk from, and off he trotted.

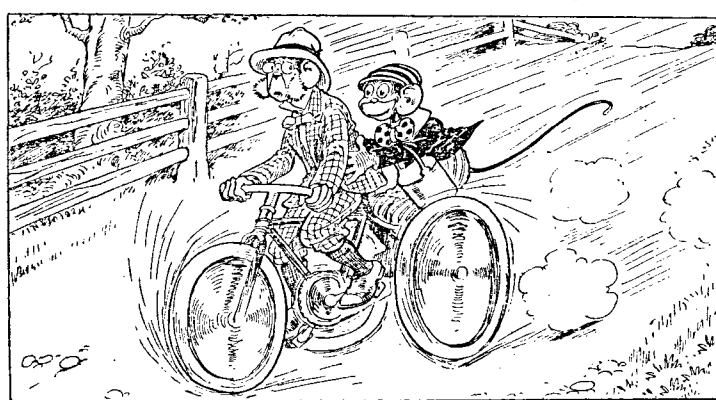
The people at the farm gave him the milk in a nice little can with a lid to it, and the farmer's wife gave him an apple!

"It's thirsty work," she said, "along the dusty roads."

It seemed miles going back, too. Jacko thought he would never get home, and it was long past Baby's bedtime.

"There'll be no end of a row," he said to himself.

He was nearly home when he overtook an old gentleman on



Jacko jumped up on the back

a tricycle. He was riding very slowly up a hill, and his face was scarlet with the exertion.

"Give you a push, sir?" said Jacko, running out into the road.

The old gentleman was delighted; he was fairly out of breath. And Jacko was as good as his word. He slung the milk can over his arm and ran the tricycle up the hill as hard as he could go.

When they got to the top there was a lovely run down the other side, and Jacko didn't see why he shouldn't take advantage of it. He jumped up on the back of the tricycle behind the old gentleman, and off they went!

They wobbled all over the road, because the old gentleman couldn't steer straight with Jacko holding on to him.

"Get off at once!" he shouted. "You'll have me in the ditch!"

He was quite right. They all went into the ditch—the tricycle and the old gentleman and Jacko and the milk.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Memory in Animals

A paragraph in the C.N. about what looked like memory being transmitted from one generation of bees to another, has brought from another reader a curious similar instance in birds.

A strange pigeon arrived at Oxford starving and exhausted. A friend of mine kept it till it was well, then, fixing his name and address under its wing, he let it go.

Evidently it flew straight back to its home, which was in a town on the south coast.

Not long after a letter arrived from the bird's owner, with thanks for the care taken of the pigeon and an offer of some of its eggs.

The offer was accepted, and in due time the eggs arrived, and presently were hatched. But no sooner were the young pigeons old enough and strong enough to fly a long distance than they flew straight to the town from where the eggs had come.

### La mémoire chez les animaux

A propos d'un paragraphe dans le C.N. concernant ce qui semblait être un cas de transmission de mémoire d'une génération d'abeilles à une autre, un autre lecteur nous fournit des détails sur un cas similaire concernant les oiseaux.

Une pigeonne inconnue arriva à Oxford, mourant de faim et exténuée de fatigue. Un de mes amis la garda jusqu'à ce qu'elle fût remise, attacha sous son aile un papier portant son nom et son adresse, puis il la lâcha.

Selon toute apparence elle s'envola tout droit à son pigeonier, situé dans une ville de la côte du sud.

Peu de temps après, une lettre nous parvint de la part du propriétaire de l'oiseau, qui nous remerciait des soins donnés à la pigeonne, et nous offrait quelques-uns de ses œufs.

L'offre fut acceptée, les œufs arrivèrent, et bientôt les petits naquirent. Mais aussitôt que ces derniers furent assez grands et assez forts pour soutenir un long vol, ils partirent et se rendirent directement à la ville d'où étaient venus les œufs.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Boy Blue

LITTLE Boy Blue lay by the haystack, watching hundreds of fleecy clouds move slowly across the sky.

Then his head nodded and his eyes closed. When they opened again he stared in wonder at the sky above. It seemed to have come half-way down to meet him. Astride each tiny cloud a winged cloud boy was sitting.

"Come up and play with us, Boy Blue," cried one of them, pointing to a ladder which the farm men had left behind them.

To Boy Blue's surprise, it had grown and grown till its top was lost in cloudland.

Up he climbed, higher and higher, till the haystack below seemed only a tiny dot.

Then Boy Blue saw that each little cloud was one of his own fleecy flock of sheep. With the cloud boy in front was Molly, his old favourite. Boy Blue scrambled on her back, grabbed the rainbow ribbons, and took his place by the side of the leader.

The cloud boys flapped their wings, the sheep tucked their legs beneath them, and away they galloped.

A frowning black cloud sailed slowly to meet them.

"Let us race towards that disagreeable fellow," cried the leader, "and burst right through him."

The cloud boys closed quickly together, and clutched their rainbow reins tightly. Then away they rushed. Bang! The cloud boys shouted and laughed as they burst right through their enemy.

Once more they rode out into the bright, clear sky, and Boy Blue saw that they and all their sheep were covered with glistening raindrops. Away



His eyes closed

down below, thousands of others were steadily falling.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the cloud boys. "We have sent the rain to water the earth," and clapped for joy.

Boy Blue clapped too, but suddenly he seemed to be falling, falling, falling.

With a hard bump he hit the earth, then he sat up with a jerk. There was the ladder with its top resting against the stack; there were his sheep straying out into the meadow.

"I must have been in Dream-land," he said, and he blew a big blast on his horn.

## Peter Puck Goes to Wembley



Peter Puck sees the miners washing for gold, and wonders whether the gold was lost in the wash



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 20, 1924

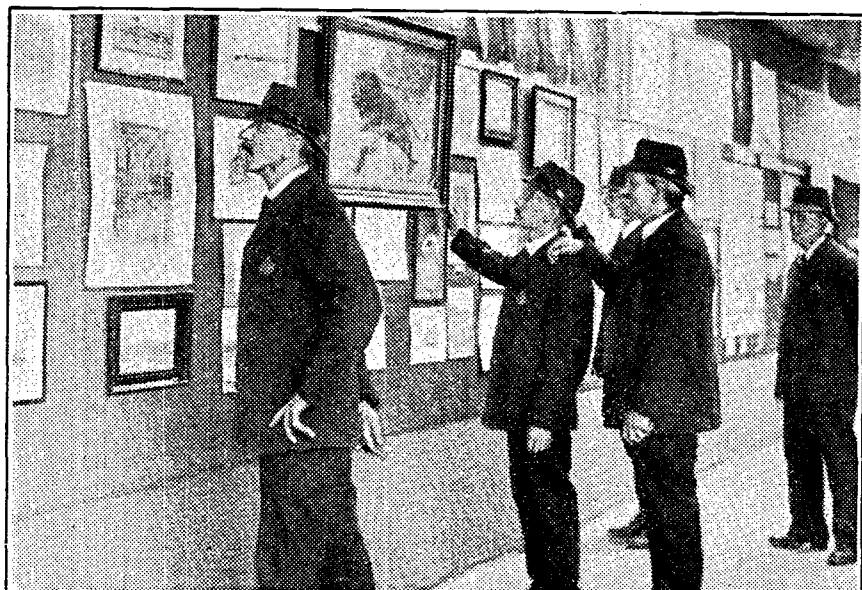
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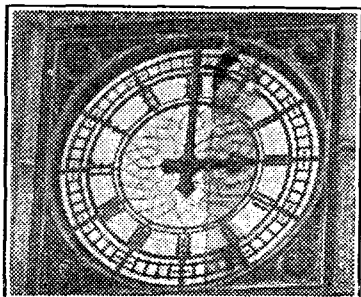
## POST OFFICE ARTISTS • WASHING BIG BEN • COMFORT IN THE CLOUDS



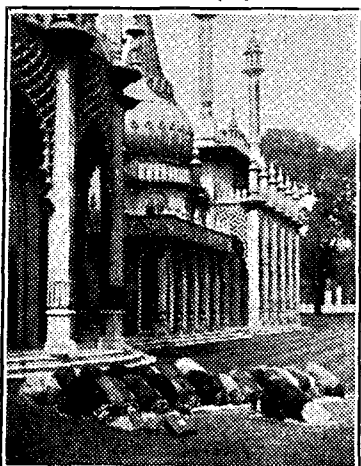
**Ten Happy Sailors**—A British cruiser, H.M.S. Constance, has been on a cruise to North American ports, and this picture shows a happy group of sailors at Bar Harbour, Maine



**Post Office Artists**—The annual exhibition of pictures by London Post Office workers is being held at the Parcels Office, Borough, and here we see postmen admiring the paintings



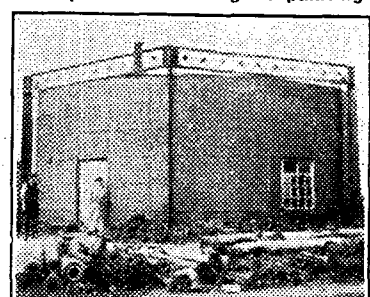
**Washing Big Ben**—The faces of Big Ben at Westminster have been cleaned after three-and-a-half years. This picture shows the steeplejack at work



**The East in England**—A party of Indians, who have come to Wembley for the conference on Empire religions, praying outside the Pavilion, Brighton



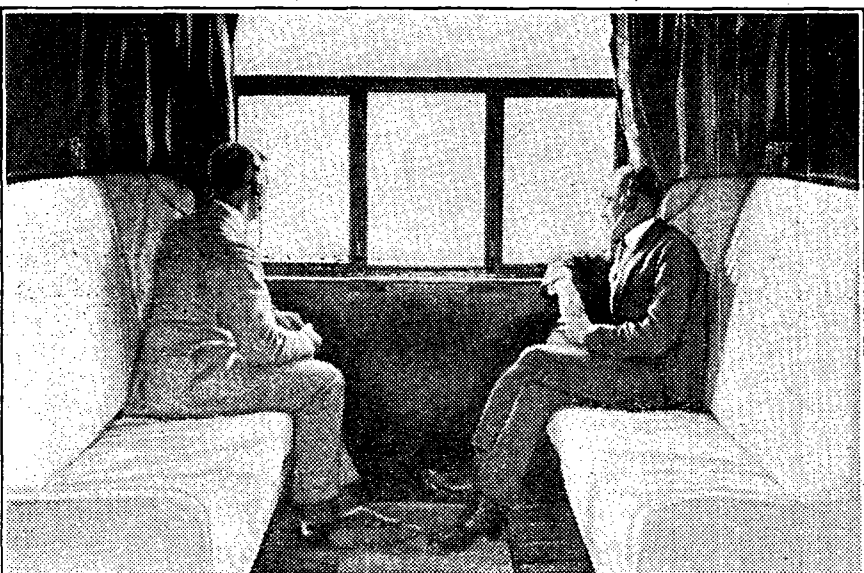
**Found on the Beach**—This year thousands of British people have spent their holidays on the Continent, and the seaside towns of Belgium have been specially popular. In this picture we see two happy bathing attendants at Ostend giving some little visitors a ride along the sands in a basket of towels



**A Curious Workshop**—A disused gas-container at Brinscall, in Lancashire, has been converted into a workshop by fitting it with a door and windows



**The Nation's Books**—Millions of books in the British Museum are being cleaned and repaired. Here we see the workmen busy in the Iron Room



**Comfort in the Clouds**—This photograph, which looks as if it might have been taken in a train, shows two passengers listening to wireless concerts in the Zeppelin built at Friedrichshafen for the United States. The airship has undergone trials for her flight to America



**An Old House for Shakespeare's Town**—Bradley Hall, an Elizabethan half-timbered house at Kingswinford, Staffordshire, is being pulled down for reconstruction at Stratford-on-Avon. The great beams are in good preservation, and have been carefully numbered for re-erection

## WINGS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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